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# PROPAGANDA OR PEACE MAKING?

MR. VYSHINSKY can scarcely expect that serious ttention, outside the Eastern bloc, will be paid to is purely debating plea that the situation in Berlin falls outside the competence of the Security Council. Whatever view be taken of the degree of responsibility attributable to East or West for he origins of the present circumstances—and in Berlin it was the Russians who resorted to force —it is certain that a threat to peace is implicit in them: the blockade and the air-lift are both, in fact, quasi-military operations. As Dr. Jessup, the U.S. delegate, said on Monday, the Western Governments had three courses open to hem: they could have bowed to the Soviet use of force; they could in turn have resorted to force; or they could have decided to have recourse to the peace-making machinery of the United Nations. Set aside for the moment the question whether he Moscow talks ought to have been limited to Berlin. Given the Berlin breakdown, the Western Powers' choice of the third course was undoubtedly correct—on one condition. That is, that the Uno machinery is used for the purpose for which it was stablished—the maintenance of international peace and security—and not regarded, as it seems o be in some quarters, merely as a court in which he Soviet Union by pre-destined stages is rraigned as an aggressor.

The statesmen of the Western Powers, and particularly the Americans, are undoubtedly exposed o a grave temptation. Convinced that their own ttitude to the problem of Germany in general and o the immediate crisis in Berlin has been impeccable, they may be inclined to use the great forum f the United Nations merely to obtain a vote (the Eastern bloc being in a permanent minority) to ndorse their complaints against the U.S.S.R. and trengthen their moral case for such future actions s they may take. The three Western Powers can, f course, obtain a majority vote in their favour; ut such a vote will mean nothing to Russia and he other members of the Eastern bloc except that he West is endeavouring to mobilise non-Communist world opinion for a war. Moreover, we would beg the leaders of the United States to ealise that the mere registration by Uno of a verdict of "guilty" against the U.S.S.R. would fail to convince large sections of the public in the non-Communist world that all chances of settlement by negotiation have been exhausted, or that the narrow issue of Berlin should be regarded as a *casus belli*.

When Marshal Sokolovsky declared last Saturday that he was prepared to resume the Berlin talks with the Western military governors, the immediate reaction in Washington was to regard, and describe, his statement as "a trick"; and we fear that there may be a similar disposition to brush aside, as a mere political manœuvre, the lengthy Note which the Soviet Government delivered to the three Western Powers on Sunday. In our view, the document demands careful and serious consideration, not merely by the Western Governments, but by Uno. For two reasons: first, because, in the particular question of Berlin, the Note appears to narrow the dispute to a point at which the differences are surely much less substantial than was to be supposed from the versions put out by Washington and London; and secondly, because the U.S.S.R., in proposing a further meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers to discuss both Berlin "and also the question of Germany as a whole, in accordance with the Potsdam agreement," has indicated, on the face of it, that Soviet policy is to avoid, if possible, a final end to negotiations.

So far as Berlin is concerned, the Soviet Note confirms what was already known—that the U.S.S.R. insisted on a very strict interpretation of the Moscow directive in respect to Four-Power control of currency *in Berlin*. That is, they were not prepared to acquiesce in the (highly debatable) Western claim to share generally in the control of the operations of the Soviet Zone bank of issue. But with regard to the demand by Marshal Sokolovsky that the Soviet military authorities should control all passenger and freight transport in and out of Berlin by air, Mr. Molotov now reminds the Western Powers that, during the Moscow talks, the U.S. representative admitted that it was "quite understandable that the Soviet Government wished to have certain guarantees against the utilisation of air transport for illegal currency deals." The Note adds that, if the Western Powers stand by this admission, "then the Soviet Government considers it quite possible to regulate the question on a mutually acceptable basis." In fact, if the Soviet last-minute professions of a desire for an agreed settlement on the Berlin "situation" indicate a real change of mood, the outstanding points of dispute are so trivial in relation to the issues of peace or war that it would be insanity, as well as a complete derogation of its functions, for Uno not to endeavour to bridge the differences.

Irrespective of the Berlin dispute, it would be equally shortsighted if the Western Powers were to resist the apparent Russian desire to proceed from the particular to the general. We need not concern ouselves with the contention of the Russian Note that the whole of the Western Powers' policy towards Germany has been actuated by the desire to make the Western Reich "an obedient tool of aggressive plans." But, as our contemporary, the *Economist*, rightly observes, "good conscience will not by itself be a sufficient answer to this Russian line. . . . It is dangerously negative to reject the 'peaceable' proposals of the Russians on the grounds that they are insincere without at least proving their insincerity." The terms on which the Russians are ultimately willing to conclude an agreed settlement on the general problem of Germany may prove to be incompatible with the principles held firmly by the "democratic" Western Powers; but it would be a grave mistake to proceed on this assumption and reject the proposal that the four Foreign Ministers should meet again to discuss the wider issue. After all, many steps are being taken in Western Germany which are repugnant not merely to Socialists but to any liberal democrat; and it should not be forgotten that, among the various suggestions thrown out from time to time by Moscow, there was the proposal that there should be a quadripartite withdrawal from Germany. It may be that Eastern and Western conceptions of the future of Germany are indeed irreconcilable; but before this unhappy conclusion is finally reached, it seems to us imperative that no effort should be spared to explore the least faint chance of fruitful negotiations.

## Russia and the Bomb

Up till last week-end it looked as though there was nothing for Uno's Political Committee to do about the atom bomb but to pronounce the obsequies of the Atomic Energy Commission set up by the Assembly two years ago. The U.S.S.R. appeared to be adamant in its insistence that all stocks of atom bombs should first be destroyed, and that only then should the Commission proceed to consider some form of international control. The U.S.A., in its turn, was equally rigid in its refusal to give up exclusive possession of the strongest weapon in the world's armoury before making certain (a) by international inspection that Russia is not making or preparing to make atomic weapons, and (b) that, after the destruction of American stocks, the U.S.S.R. would accept any international control convention. Last Saturday, however, Mr. Vyshinsky sprang a surprise. Reviving a suggestion which was mooted last March by the Chinese delegate to the Atomic Energy Commission, but never taken up, he proposed that the Commission be instructed to prepare a draft convention on the prohibition of atomic weapons and a draft convention on the establishment of effective international control over atomic energy, the two conventions to be put into force simultaneously. It would be optimistic to suppose that the road is now clear for agreement. There are obvious practical difficulties in the simultaneous application of the two conventions proposed. For instance, what proportion of U.S. stocks of bombs would be destroyed in return for so much investigation of Russian territory? Furthermore, it is hard to believe that the Russians would be really prepared to lay the whole of their arms potential open to inspection by a Commission dominated by the U.S.A.

## Defence of Western Europe

To say that Field-Marshal Montgomery "leads" the Western defence forces would appear, in default of further clarification of his duties, to be premature. Officially the task of his Committee is to "study the tactical and technical problems of Western European defence." The Commanders of the Western Land Forces and Air Forces have been appointed, but there is no indication whose Army and Air Force they propose to command. To be really effective, the defence of Western Europe calls for the selection of a strategic line of defence posts to be held against a potential enemy. Where is this line? Does it include the frontiers of the Brussels Powers and the eastern borders of the Western Zones of Germany, or does it include also the Scandinavian countries and Italy, to say nothing of the Middle East and North Africa? Wherever this line is, what forces are going to man it? For, unless it is manned, it will be useless, and adequate manning calls for a redistribution of armies, irrespective of their nationalities. For instance, are the Lowland countries to place the bulk of their forces in Germany, prepared to fall back on France and to leave their own homes undefended? Who is to give the orders, and are the countries affected going to obey them? For us to place troops on the Continent would demand a measure of rearmament that our economy cannot stand, but if we do not comply with unwelcome instructions, the whole scheme collapses. Already the French are doubtful of the wisdom of putting the defence headquarters in London. They fear, naturally, that a British Supreme Commander, under the influence of a British Government, may be tempted to regard Western Europe as expendable, and merely concentrate his efforts to see that it is expended sufficiently slowly for Britain to remain standing until the Americans come to the rescue. It may be advisable for the Brussels Powers to concert plans for the best use of their armies, in their present locations, and for their speedy deployment in case of war. But to imagine that they can do anything more in their near-bankrupt state would be foolhardy. France is cutting down her armaments and cannot send many men across her frontiers. Britain cannot afford more men, and those she has are already overstrained in to-day's dispositions. Obviously, for the defence of Western Europe, the reality of power, the ultimate sanction, still remains the Americans' atom bomb. Under its shadow, the five Governments can argue out a cumbersome control of national armies within national boundaries. But can it, from its nature, lead to any very substantial deterrent? Certainly not before the Western European economy has recovered far enough to allow of large expenditure on defence and until a federal government has been established capable of setting up a unified command and not an advice bureau. At the moment, the blowing of bugles in front of a paper façade is more likely to alarm our own populations than to scare the Russians.

## The French Coal Strike

On Monday, work ceased throughout the French coalfields, and most of the workers in the Lorraine iron mines and the potash mines of Alsace are also on strike. In the coalfields the stoppage has so far been solid and orderly. The miners' Christian Trade Union proclaimed a strike for forty-eight hours only, and the *Force Ouvrière* Union is also opposed to the decision of the C.G.T. that the stoppage should continue without time limit; but neither of these minority Unions has sufficient influence in the mining belt to affect greatly the solidarity of the strike so long as the Communist-controlled C.G.T. Union stands out for its demands. The issues in dispute are complex. The original cause of the strike was the decision of the Government to dismiss ten per cent. of all employees in the coalfields in conformity with its policy of effecting economies in all the nationalised industries. Subsequently, however, the miners' demands appear to have been widened to include claims for a wage revision sufficient to offset the thirty per cent. increase in living costs which has taken place since the last national adjustment of minimum wages was made. The miners now want a minimum monthly wage of 14,300 francs and also insist on future readjustments of wages every time the cost of living rises by ten per cent. As these are demands which workers in other industries, such as the railways and dock services, wish to see realised also in their own case, there is an obvious danger of the coal strike leading to sympathetic stoppages elsewhere. Coal stocks, it is estimated, are sufficient to enable manufacturing industries to carry on for some weeks, but the repercussions of a prolonged French coal strike on the entire European Recovery Programme would be grave in the extreme.

## Co-operators at Prague

The latest body to become seriously involved in the ideological war is the International Co-operative Alliance, which was in session last week in Prague. Hitherto, the Co-operative International has been alone among the great working-class groups in avoiding ideological splits, despite very strong differences of view. Many Western Co-operators disapproved strongly of the Soviet Union's attitude towards the Co-operatives—an attitude which led, at one stage, to the sudden and complete nationalisation of all the urban shops belonging to the movement. But differences, however strongly felt, were not allowed to upset the Alliance, which has continued to represent Co-operators from countries in all continents, in all stages of development, and subject to all manner of governments—except the Fascist. The opening phases of last week's Conference made it look as if this attitude of mutual toleration was now over, for the Conference began with a series of speeches by Russian delegates containing all the familiar denunciations of Western imperialism and of the Marshall Plan, and with demands that the world Co-operative Movement should endorse resolutions pledging it to the Eastern view of democracy. Later in the week, however, the Russians seem to have changed their tactics. They allowed themselves to be voted down, usually by majorities of about 3 to 2, on all their controversial amendments; and they joined the Western Co-operators in endorsing a neutrally worded resolution against war, from which all the denunciation of British-American capitalism and of the Marshall Plan had been cut out. The I.C.A. has thus avoided repeating the recent experience of the World Federation of Trade Unions, and has done so under conditions which suggest strongly that the East European delegations were given revised instructions after the shouting matches of the opening day.

## Commonwealth Conference

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their meeting next week will have many problems to face which will not have been made any easier by the failure to bring them together earlier. It seems as though all the Dominions, including the United Kingdom, approach an Imperial Conference with reluctance, preferring to leave awkward questions undebated in the hope that they may somehow solve themselves or lose their importance. A Commonwealth Conference is only called when further delay might appear to indicate that the Commonwealth no longer existed. One unfortunate consequence of the delay has been the opportunity given to Mr. Churchill and his minions to denigrate India in the vital period during which she has been reflecting whether or no to stay in the Commonwealth. Now it seems that she may finally wish to sever all formal ties—a decision which, if made, will owe much to the paradoxically Empire-breaking policy of the Conservatives. If the Conference is wise, it will spend much time in attempting to work out a scheme whereby States may be associated with the Commonwealth for all practical purposes, but not bound by allegiance to the Crown. Those Dominions which consider themselves British can retain the old form—others can lend strength, which otherwise would be withdrawn, by the new. Such an arrangement might have prevented the recent developments in Eire. Again, the Conference has to make up its mind on its attitude to Western Union and to decide on the nature of its contribution to defence. No longer can this country bear almost the entire burden of armaments; and the Commonwealth cannot complain if an inclination grows in Britain to rely for defence more on countries bordering the North Sea and the Channel rather than on Dominions content with tiny voluntary armies and the most modest expenditure on defence. Once more, too, the problem of speedy inter-Commonwealth discussion must be thrashed out and adequate machinery put in the place of to-day's slow, cumbersome and impersonal consultation. And, if the Conference is really brave now that it has dared to meet at all, it should seriously consider the establishment of a method of settling disputes within the Commonwealth rather than at Uno. That will bring up the all-important question, for Commonwealth effectiveness and survival, of how long we can recognise as a fellow member a South Africa which makes no secret of its determination ruthlessly to dicriminate against the nationals of other Dominions.

## Africa in London

There is no colour bar in the Africa Conference at Lancaster House. White delegates sit next to black with no self-consciousness, and wait their turn to speak, unaided in their attempt to catch the chairman's eye either by their colour or their official status. This unusual conference, which deserves to be often repeated, has so far dealt with questions of economics, local government, agriculture and education rather than purely political problems. One point rightly insisted on was that the Colonial Development Corporation should promote secondary industries against a possible future drop in the demand for primary products. Much interest was shown in consumer's co-operatives and, as another sign of growing national awareness, plans for extending broadcasting to Africa and the need for more vernacular newspapers have been discussed. But, despite the avoidance of politics direct, it is clear that for all Africans the colour bar is the topic that dominates their thought. The loudest cheer of the conference has been for Creech-Jones when he said: "This human problem (of democracy and freedom in Africa) cannot be solved by colour bars and discriminatory conventions." The personalities attending are as diverse and colourful as an Africa brought under the influence of Europe could produce. Chiefs, in bright robes and hats, African clergymen, and young Africans in European clothes are members of the same delegation. Most delegations have one official British representative, but the rest of each group is made up of unofficial Africans elected by their fellow-members of Legislative Councils. Dr. J. B. Danquah, a delegate from the Gold Coast, is a remarkable example of the new spirit in the Colonial Office. Only a few months ago he was one of the six men detained after the Gold Coast riots, and he is the acknowledged inspirer of the nationalist movement which instigated the riots and offered to take over the Government. At the very least a greater understanding between Europe and Africa is bound to come from this unfettered exchange of views on tangible subjects.

### Tories at Llandudno

The Conference, which began on Wednesday evening, of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations will be of interest not so much for the specific new planks which seem likely to be added to the Conservative programme as for the tone and temper of the speeches delivered from the platform. Neither the Agricultural Charter which the Conference is being asked to adopt, nor the proposal to "democratise" the Party's finances, is particularly novel or dramatic. What the platform will probably be concerned to do is to take a line which can be maintained in the face of two different sets of circumstances which may arise after the General Election. Many Conservatives doubtless share the view which has been expressed by *The Times*, that the tide is flowing in their favour and that "success in 1950" is a reasonable hope. Strong elements in the party will therefore not merely be in favour of a pledge to resist, and (if need be) reverse, the nationalisation of steel, but will want to damn the present Government and all its works without qualification or restraint. On the other hand, though there may be evidence of some swing of the electoral pendulum, the more sober-minded Conservative leaders must have in mind that in 43 bye-elections the Government has lost only one seat; and even at Gorbals, last week, where the late Labour Member was a particularly popular personality and a Communist candidate this time intervened, the seat was comfortably held by Labour. On the calculation, then, that the next general election may still leave the Conservatives in a minority, but a minority large enough to warrant a demand for participation in measures to overcome the "national crisis," it is not improbable that the more astute spokesmen from the Conservative platform will endeavour to distinguish between "moderate" Labour and "the Reds." That is, while exploiting to the full anti-Communism, and whipping up feverish demands for one hundred per cent. rearmament against Russia, they will not deny to Mr. Bevin praise for his "firm attitude." The possibility of a National Coalition in which less would be heard of abolishing controls and "setting the people free," is probably never far from Mr. Churchill's mind.

# THE POSITION OF BRITAIN

THE present alignment in which a Western bloc, organised and armed by America, faces an Eastern bloc also preparing for war but relying primarily on propaganda and incitement to revolution, was already implicit in the situation before the end of the war. Indeed, there were many who prophesied it. Yet it need not have happened under certain conditions, and the drift to war to-day may still be reversed if Russia, America and Britain, taking fright as they look down the abyss, start to retrace their steps towards saner objectives.

The first condition of peace-keeping was that Russia would use her newly won position as a world Power with moderation, and seek for all the friends she could find in the West instead of deciding on doctrinaire grounds that all who were not Communists were to be counted enemies. What a difference it would have made if in 1945 Stalin had congratulated the Labour Government on its victory and, instead of abusing it, embarrassed Mr. Bevin by putting forward proposals for world co-operation which would at once have commanded support amongst Socialists all over the world! What a difference, too, if the U.S.S.R. with her satellites had taken part in the Paris discussions on Marshall Aid, herself rallying Europe with proposals for using dollars for peaceful Socialist reconstruction! The second condition was that the United States would use its surplus wealth not to arm anti-Communist forces, but to develop backward and devastated areas with the object of raising the standard of living of primary producers, thus undermining Communist propaganda and making it difficult for the Soviet Union to refuse participation. The third condition was that Britain would reconsider her own economic and strategic position, cut her coat according to her cloth, and, with as little American aid as possible, set about the task of rebuilding her life as a comparatively small, but independent, Power. Her influence would have been immense; in 1945 it was at least as great as America's on the Continent.

None of these conditions was fulfilled. It is idle to ask where the rot started. All three Powers followed patterns of policy prophesied by Goebbels, but not, as some Marxists suggest, necessarily dictated by history or economic circumstances. Russia immediately began to intrigue against the weakened British Empire, apparently in the hope of intensifying the rivalry between British and American capitalism. The actual result was, of course, to enable Mr. Bevin to persuade the Americans that the British Empire was a sphere of American interest. On the Continent, the British immediately began to work against the new revolutionary governments of Eastern Europe; we ably seconded the Soviet Union in splitting up the Resistance movements into rival Communist and anti-Communist factions. Many Americans, hag-ridden by conscience after using the atom bomb, and aware that they had made Japan an American colony and built excellent bomber bases in the Pacific, found relief in the attitude of the Soviet Union, which seemed quite ready to qualify as an enemy against whom the bomb might again be legitimately used. After a period of demobilisation and reasonable argument, America drifted into an imperialist phase; the finely expressed purposes of Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech were swiftly diverted into those of the Truman Doctrine; fear of slump and Communism became inextricably confused with fear of Russia, and America began openly to organise the non-Communist world on the assumption that a third world war might have to be fought against the Soviet Union.

An optimist may still legitimately argue that the prospect of peace, or at any rate of avoiding an actual war, has been improved by recent developments, because the Soviet Union, confronted by a combination of the capitalist world in arms, will adopt less provocative tactics, while America, deprived of the constant stimulus to lead a world anti-Communist alliance, will tacitly accept the division of the world into spheres of interest. In that case, we might have, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged, an agreement to disagree or at least not to fight. The cold war would continue in a less dangerous form. We should live precariously in an armed truce, gaining thereby at least a breathing space and substituting a competition between Communism and capitalism for the immediate danger of universal suicide.

On the alternative assumption that rearmament, coupled with violent propaganda, leads to increasing tension between America and Russia, what attitude on Britain's part is most likely to avert war? The official view now appears to be that we are not only to provide aerodromes for U.S. bombers but also to promise armaments and men for a Continental war on a scale which will make us completely dependent on America. In short, we are to accept as right or inevitable our share in the catastrophic fate of an "expendable" Western Europe to be overrun by Russian troops and, finally, "liberated" from bases in Spain, North Africa and Britain. It would be a strange demand for a Labour Government to make upon its supporters. If there is one sentiment that unites the British working-class, it is detestation of General Franco and the peculiarly mean type of Fascism that he has established in Spain. Yet Senator Gurney, whose visit to Madrid was not "official," but who is nevertheless Chairman of the Senate's Military Affairs Committee, has been speaking of the fine quality of Franco's military organisation, and no one disputes that America is making plans to set up air bases in Spain. Another of our allies would be Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, whose regime, on Mr. Marshall's own showing, is a bottomless pit of corrupt and inefficient intolerance. Are the British workers also to be asked to welcome, as the saviour of Europe against Communism, General de Gaulle, who is now openly threatening an unconstitutional and violent action against the French Government if it should include members of the largest French party? Will Western Union, in order to put up some show of resistance to Russia's vast armies, have to recruit to its side large numbers of those Nazi soldiers whose permanent dismissal from all influence in Europe was our avowed aim in the war which ended three years ago? If this be the intention, we shall be asked to make ourselves allies of the Fascist elements in Europe in a war against the Soviet Union supported by a substantial part of the European working class. Would the charge be that the U.S.S.R. is unco-operative and provocative, an enemy of civil liberty? That would be true, but scarcely a *casus belli*. What cannot be said is that Russia has been guilty of military aggression at any point since 1945.

In such a desperate plight, it is no use saying, as the Communists do, that Russia is wholly in the right, when she has obviously been very often in the wrong, or saying, as the pacifists do, that we should completely disarm because war is wicked and foolish. We all know that, if Britain were threatened by invasion, our people would defend themselves, and that our supplies of food and raw materials depend on our capacity to maintain certain vital communications. But these elementary facts do not mean that we need play the role that seems now to be expected of us. We are no longer as free as we were before the war or even as we were in 1945. But some freedom of choice remains to us.

First, we should rule out any proposals for rearmament which endanger our programme for economic recovery and independence. Secondly, we should bluntly tell the United States that we are not prepared to become the allies of Fascist governments, or make ourselves parties to a military policy that could not save Europe and which, especially if Germans are rearmed, is only likely to provoke the Russians into war. We should make it plain that we are a comparatively small and struggling Power which intends, as soon as possible, to regain its independence. Mr. Bevin stumbled over a wise phrase the other day when he said that he believed Britain could "survive." But Mr. Bevin knows that we can only survive if we begin now to regain our independence, to use the bargaining power we still possess, and the diplomatic brains which small Powers, like the Swiss and Scandinavians, have long learned to cultivate, but which we, because of our position as a world Power, could in the past afford to neglect.

# THE COST OF HOUSES

EVER since 1945 Aneurin Bevan, as Minister of Health, has been putting up a hard fight on behalf of house-building as a claimant to high priority in the national investment programme. He had to fight especially hard last year, when the economic crisis led to a curtailment of the total investment to be provided for in the Chancellor's man-power budget; and it looks as if he is in for an even stiffer fight now, in view of the claims put forward for re-armament on a scale sufficient badly to upset the arrangements made after the last crisis. From the first the Minister of Health has been under constant attack, not only in the Cabinet, but also from a good many economists who either wish total investment to be heavily cut down or would like to see more of the building industry's limited resources diverted to factory construction and other forms of "productive investment," as distinct from "durable consumers' goods," such as houses. The charge has been that in house-building there has been too little austerity; and it has often come, strangely enough, from those who have been calling loudly for less austerity elsewhere.

These attacks have been made, despite the fact that the present rate of house-building is immensely below that of the pre-war period, when in England and Wales the average number of houses built yearly was about 340,000. Even when all the temporary dwellings built since 1945 are counted in, the total number of new houses built since the war up to March of this year is only about equal to one year's pre-war output. True, the annual rate of completion was running by March at 192,000; but even this was a very long way short of the pre-war rate—quite apart from the arrears needing to be made up on account of the practical cessation of building during the war.

The critics derive much of the force of their argument from the exceedingly high cost at which houses are now being built. All in, including sites, roads, drains and overheads, the cost of a three-bedroomed house of the type now commonly being built by local authorities had risen by the end of 1947 to about £1,400 on the average, as against £450 at most before the war. For the building alone, apart from land, roads, drains and overheads, the rise was from an average of £380 or £1,242, and was continuing after these figures were compiled by the Committee on the Cost of House-building, which has just made its first report to the Minister of Health.* This is admittedly an appalling increase, which causes many people to argue that it is disastrous to carry on with house-building at such a price, and that, even apart from the general problem of shortage of resources, the correct remedy is to shut down sharply on the housing programme, in the hope that the resulting jolt to the industry will bring costs tumbling down, as the application of a similar policy actually did after the first world war.

This argument, specious as it is, will not bear examination. The Committee of Inquiry reports, quite correctly, that the fall in housing costs after 1921 was part of a general slump in prices accompanying a great world depression and a sharp rise in unemployment. Prices of imported materials dropped, as well as wages and prices of materials made at home: everything came tumbling down at once. No doubt, if a similar world depression were to occur now, the same thing would happen; but if, in the absence of such an event, house-building orders were cut off, it certainly would not happen. Labour and materials would be diverted to other uses; there would be no slump in the prices of materials; wages could not be cut, for they are already low in relation to wages in other industries; output per man-hour, far from improving, would probably fall off further still as the better workers shifted to other jobs. The Committee concludes, somewhat sadly, that there is no sufficient reason for expecting costs to fall, except to the accompaniment of a general slump, and that they are in danger of rising further if general prices continue their upward trend. The Committee further points out that, even if the recently adopted payment by results plan (which is not so far being at all widely applied) were to lead to a substantial increase in output per man-hour, the effect in total costs would not be very great unless output rose by something like one-third.

This is a depressing conclusion; but there is another side to it. Quite a considerable part of the increase in average costs per house is due, as the Committee shows, to the big improvements that have been made in the quality of the accommodation provided. The same type of three-bedroomed house as was being built before the war, with the same equipment, would have cost in 1947, not £1,242, but £914. That is, no less than £328 of the rise is due to improvement in average size and equipment—£201 to greater size and the provision of outbuildings, and £127 to superior fittings and equipment. Of the increase of £534 in the cost of a 1938-type house, labour costs account for only £190, and costs of materials for £284; and the rise in labour cost can be subdivided into £96 for increased wages, allowances, social service and holiday payments combined, and £94 attributable to a decline in output per man-hour since 1938.

These calculations raise two main points. They make clear that, important as it is to achieve an improved rate of output, low output is only one among a number of factors that have inflated total costs. And they also raise the question whether, at a period of acute stringency of resources, we have gone too far in improving the average quality of the houses which, with heavy subsidies, we are setting out to provide.

This question of quality has two aspects—size and amount of accommodation on the one hand, and quality of equipment on the other. Houses are built to last, and in practice have usually to last longer than they are meant to at the start; and accordingly it would be a very serious matter to lower quality of equipment—though perhaps fewer fitted cupboards in a proportion of new houses would be a permissible economy. On the other hand, there is a great deal to be said, in view of the actual and prospective sizes of families, for building a smaller proportion of three-bedroomed houses than are being erected at present, at any rate in the areas in which there are few or no small temporary dwellings. There is perhaps also something to be said for checking the tendency that has shown itself since the war to increase the average room-size of the three-bedroomed house—not because the greater size is not an improvement, but as one of the few available ways of being sure of reducing costs and—what is no less important—the amounts of labour and materials used.

The second main factor is that of output per man-hour. The Committee of Inquiry rightly stresses the point that the decline in productivity is by no means exclusively a result of deliberate slacking on the job. It is even more a matter of shortages—shortages of materials causing frequent interruptions of work, shortage of labour making it impossible to get a properly balanced labour force or to arrange the work so as to reduce waste-time to a minimum. These two things—failure of materials to arrive at the right times in the right quantities and qualities, and an unbalanced labour force, unavoidably create bad habits which reduce output even beyond what they directly account for, and are thus indirectly responsible for much of the fall in production. There is no way of putting these matters wholly right as long as shortages remain acute; but the evil effects are greatly exaggerated where an attempt is made to spread the inevitable labour and materials over too many jobs, as was undoubtedly done in 1946 and 1947. The Committee correctly insists on the need—already recognised by the Government—not to overload the industry by attempting too much; for nothing reduces output per man-hour so much as the failure to get houses finished by continuous work when once they have been begun.

The third factor, which falls outside the scope of the report with which this article is mainly concerned, is that of standardisation. The report makes it clear that standardised methods have so far been applied hardly at all except to the "hulk" of houses—a field in which they have so far achieved little, if any, economy over the older methods of construction. They have been applied very little to fittings and equipment—to plumbing installations, for example, or to metal work in general, though there should surely, by analogy from American and Swedish experience, be room for considerable savings in labour from this source. The Committee sees little sign of profiteering in builders' materials; but even if it is right about this, the making of high profits is not always a good test of excessive costs, which may arise equally from failure to take advantage of the economies of large-scale production or to standardise components so as to reduce the amount of skilled labour needed for installation.

Even if every possible economy, including a substantial increase in output per man-hour, could be achieved, the outlook would still be serious enough. At the cost levels of 1947, the economic rent, without subsidy, of a typical local authority-built house would have been 22s. 9d. a week. The standard subsidy, central and local, brought this down to 14s. 4d.; but 14s. 4d. is a good deal too much for many workers to afford. The announced intention in 1945 was to aim at a net rent of 10s. (7s. 6d. in rural areas); and a number of local authorities have already felt it necessary to raise subsidies above the amounts prescribed in the Act, in order to check the rise in rents. The annual charge involved on public funds in respect of the 341,000 houses built or projected up to March of this year was £7½ millons for 60 years. This may seem a small sum in comparison with the cost of food subsidies; but it has to be borne in mind that every house built at present swells the annual charge for sixty years ahead.

Nevertheless, these awkward facts and figures leave the necessity for a large house-building programme unaffected. Indeed, they swell the need, as far as public provision is concerned; for they make it out of the question to expect any contribution that counts from private-venture house-building. The plain moral is that costs must be brought down, not only by a more economical and productive use of labour, but also by a better mobilisation and control of materials, a reduction through mass-manufacture of the cost of components, and, regrettable though it be, some reduction in average size, chiefly by building a more varied assortment of houses in each area to meet varying family needs. The Working Party which was set up in May of this year to make a study of the efficiency of building methods and organisation has not yet made its report. When it does, the Government will have to take prompt and decisive action. The people want houses, and mean to have them; and if the building industry with its present structure cannot supply the want except at extravagant cost, it will have to be re-shaped from top to bottom, whatever the difficulties in the way of bringing so scattered and anarchical an industry under effective unifying control.

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* The Cost of House-building: First Report of the Committee of Inquiry appointed by the Minister of Health. H.M.S.O. 1s. 3d.

# A LONDON DIARY

In this "black fury"—Mr. Bevin's phrase is worthy of a wider application than he gave it—I am told that we must all choose sides. We must believe the *Daily Worker* or the *Daily Mail, Pravda* or the *Chicago Tribune*. I cannot do either; nor can most of my fellow-countrymen. A serious examination of any of the main controversies—I gave a good example last week in dealing with Professor Blackett's forthcoming book on Atomic Energy—shows that the story is more complex and quite other than the public imagines. I believe there is still a place for people who are not fanatics and want the complex, unpalatable and often subversive truth. Subversive, I mean, of all the fanatical orthodoxes. This truth becomes more difficult to discover and to state, but it's worth the effort, and it's important that in this country, and in several other of the smaller democracies, the attempt is still being made. There comes a time when fanaticism has burned itself out. To-day, people deride the Third Force, rightly pointing out that politically it is no force at all. But the Third Force is a state of mind which desires to settle problems by reason, and at some time or other it will regain its opportunity. Indeed it is the rational, non-fanatical man who settles things in the end. Most of us would prefer, if we take a former example of apparently insoluble conflict in France, to have been Henry of Navarre, who patched up a settlement, or Montaigne, who taught tolerance in the middle of a war, than, say, Catherine de Medici, who preferred the method of St. Bartholomew's Eve.

* * *

The description given by Maurice Edelman this week of a meeting of factory workers in the Midlands gives, I think, a very accurate picture of common bewilderment. I can supplement it by several other conversations. A group of workers in a well-paid trade gathered round me the other day. What was all this nonsense about war with Russia? Had not we just fought a war against the Germans with the Russians as our allies? One thing they were sure about was that they wouldn't vote Labour again! In another factory a friend who wanted to try out the question whether the workers had been conditioned to equate Munich and Berlin attempted a one-man mass observation survey. He asked a group of seven workers what they thought about making Berlin a war issue. Six of them without hesitation said, "Get out of Berlin," while the seventh said "Fight." Whereupon the six turned on him and told him not to be an ass and he changed his mind. These examples prove nothing very much except bewilderment. If the issue were put differently: "Have we got to stop the Russians somewhere?" you would be met with the question whether Berlin, a hundred and twenty miles inside the Russian Zone, was a reasonable place to try, and a further question would be what proof was there that Stalin, like Hitler, intended to move the Red Army over the frontier. If you could make a case here you could probably swing most of them with you. But if you went on to give the true answer, that the Western alliance was formed to fight Communism everywhere, whether the Red Army moved or not, I think bewilderment would change into the sharpest possible division of opinion.

* * *

Let us see how it looks in a recruiting speech: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have come here to urge upon you the duty and benefits of taking your place in the armed forces. The situation is very dangerous and we must all do our bit. The Russians, whose glorious defence of Stalingrad against the Nazi barbarians turned the tide of war . . . er . . . I'm sorry I've confused my notes. . . The Russians, whose wily oriental diplomacy is a threat to all the values of Western civilisation, are attempting to force us from Berlin in spite of our legal right to stay there. We cannot let down our democratic German friends. We have allies in this great cause. The Americans, armed with atomic bombs, are behind us. Unhappily the workers of France, misled by Communist propaganda, cannot be relied upon to support our cause, but General Franco, that great Christian gentleman, who is said still, in spite of advancing years, to have a golf handicap of two, will be steadily on our side." At this point the meeting broke up in an uproar, and the speaker, much bewildered, was arrested under the Incitement to Disaffection Act.

* * *

A Bill to repeal the External Relations Act will shortly be introduced into the Dail. This fulfils the promise recently made by Mr. Costello, the Irish Premier. The Bill breaks the last formal link between Eire and the British Commonwealth. It is already true that a citizen of Eire is not a British subject and that Eire owes no allegiance to the Crown. But under the External Relations Act, Irish representatives abroad obtain their credentials from Buckingham Palace. When this formality is gone, Eire will be, technically speaking, a completely "foreign" State. In fact, however, there is no intention of abolishing that special "association" with the British Commonwealth which Mr. de Valera recommended. One result will be that the Irish irreconcilables will have lost their last grievance. Another, I believe, will be to make Anglo-Irish relations even closer than they are to-day. If the threatened war does not happen, I should expect in a few years' time to find that the already elastic constitution of the Commonwealth has been extended by the addition of several States (these in the future might easily include India) which would not be "Members" of the Commonwealth, but "Associates."

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I was talking to a doctor the other day about the changed nature of his practice over a period of twenty-five years. "When I started as a young man," he said, "I was dealing all the time with deficiency diseases, rheumatic hearts, rickets, goitres and so forth—diseases that came from malnutrition and bad conditions. Though I am still in a country practice, with many labourers amongst my patients, most of these diseases have almost disappeared. Instead I have to treat people who have duodenal ulcers, eczema of the foot (I suppose Mr. Attlee's is of this type), and all manner of other illnesses that come from nervous strain." In short, sickness used to arise from too little food. Now it comes from too much worry. Doctors could only alleviate, not cure, the old kind of disease until social conditions were improved. To-day they can only deal with the symptoms of the present diseases, because they cannot produce world stability. Add to this the fact that modern medicine is well on the road to abolishing, or at any rate rendering unimportant, many of the more serious illnesses that used so often to be fatal, like diphtheria and pneumonia, and you see that once again science is giving us the physical tools of mastery, but they are not much use to us because we remain mentally a lot of frightened, irresponsible, and neurotic children.

* * *

I am the last person to talk about the pulling power of advertisements. My sales resistance is so great that I am simply unconscious of the advertisements in a newspaper. But even I cannot help looking at posters in an Underground station while waiting for a train. And what I notice is that the adverts that include the name of the advertiser in the picture stick in my mind and those that don't remain only as pictures and not as advertisements at all. For instance, I know that healthy athletes drink beer and various other types drink whisky. But I've not a ghost of a notion what beer or whisky is advertised by any particular poster. The exceptions make my point. The old Black and White advertisements impressed on me a particular brand of whisky, while I have never been able to forget the ridiculous but effective pun by which a kilted Highlander advertised Watney's beer. Again, Guinness and Austin Reed have both made their names part of their advertisements and therefore, as far as I am concerned, their adverts are a success. But whatever effect, I ask myself, have all the countless lovely ladies who use someone's tooth paste and all the happy people who smoke someone's cigarettes or tobacco? For years I have sunned myself in their smiles, but I haven't any memory at all of which tooth paste or brand of cigarettes is recommended by any poster. And if it is said that the object is to make people buy more of the article, irrespective of brand—which except in certain known cases of joint-advertising is not the case—I find myself completely sceptical. When my tooth paste is finished I buy another tube, and the brand I choose is the one with the flavour I like best. From the adverts I merely know that every lady who uses anyone's tooth paste has superb teeth. Which leaves me with two queries. First, how much advertising is sheer waste even from the advertisers' point of view, and, secondly, why, if tooth pastes are so uniformly dazzling in their effects, do I also see so many bad teeth and so adverts about pyorrhoea?

CRITIC

## TO FRANCO, ARMING FOR THE WARS

By ERNIE LOVELACE.

TELL me not, Chum, I've been unkind,
Let bygones bygones be,
Nor ask if I have changed my mind
With change of policy.

Now to defensive arms I fly,
And join thy knightly quest,
Since thou shalt be my dear ally
I may not thee detest.

As we prepare to take the field
Thy likeness I'll present
Armed with unspotted sword and shield
For moral armament.

Yet, though thy portrait I retouch,
Respectable Senor,
I could not love thee, Chum, so much,
Loathed I not Stalin more.

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Local cinemas this week present a veritable feast of great novels.

The stories with most in common are Leo Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" and the provocative "Forever Amber" from the pen of Kathleen Winsor. Both give a picture of a young woman of no little charm and her troubles with the society of her age.—*Kensington News..* (D. E. G. Cave.)

Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, said to me: "It will do the foreigner good to see the Fleet together again after snatching bits of the British Empire."—*Sunday Times.* (D. Hamilton.)

Cominform instructions to members gave Fascism as their first enemy and Scouting as their second, said Lord Rowallan at Sheffield Town Hall, *Sheffield Telegraph.* (T. K. Butcher.)

Urging that workers in remote rural areas should be taught how to use the telephone, Mr. Jack Shingfield, a member of the Essex Agricultural Executive Committee, said that recently when a straw stack caught alight at a Little Clacton farm the men called the fire brigade by telegram. The firemen arrived too late.—*Oxford Mail.* (J. Mullen.)

"Viande Cheval is Superior."—Notice on window, Silver St., Doncaster. (K. S. Ellis.)

# TALK OF WAR

I KNEW the classroom well; I'd spoken there during the election of 1945. The wind still blew across the Coventry waste-lands, rattled the corrugated-iron roof, and made a draught around my shins while the stove burned the back of my legs. All that was familiar; and many of the faces too—of the old I.L.P.ers, the Chairman, the Deputy Chairman and the Ward Secretary. But there had been changes. Outside the hut, the rubble had been carted away, and the skeletal girders of a new school rose from the foundations. Sitting at the desks with their knees jutting awkwardly into the gangways were young men from the housing estate who three years ago were in the Forces. I knew them. Some of them had been to see me about their pensions.

As the speaker before me—a local Councillor—was finishing, I looked at the audience. Almost entirely, they belonged to the contented working-class—craftsmen and engineers from the motor works and machine-tool factories, their wives, a few children and elderly relatives. They had spent a quiet day, free from the old Saturday fear of the angry rent collector and the empty shopping-basket. During the last few years they had been settling down to peace for the rest of their lives. Their prefabs were comfortable; the air-raid shelters had been removed. To tidy up the leavings of war—of *these* who hadn't got their "War Damage"; of *those* still claiming back-pay; of *him* who had to have another amputation; of *her,* a squatter on the gun-site—that was all that remained to be done.

But suddenly something was happening that they couldn't understand. There was talk of war—about Berlin. My subject was "The Crisis in Germany," and I tried to explain it from the Potsdam Conference that succeeded, to the London Conference that failed, from Frankfurt to the airlift. Currency reform, quadripartite control, the Bizone, the Economic Council, the Kommandatura, the blockade of Berlin—what had that to do with them? They followed the argument as men follow a leader in a labyrinth, looking for the white light at the end of the dark.

In 1938 and 1939 this audience was worried but not bewildered. They didn't want war; but, if it came, they would know what it was about. Hitler had advertised his armies and air force as instruments of his policy; his methods and the purposes of Fascism were known to everybody after six or seven years of close observation. Most people knew why it would be necessary to stop Hitler, and had a personal feeling against this troubler of peace. To-day, however, these men and women are both worried and bewildered. They haven't the easy slogans of the pre-war years with which to formulate their anger or their determination. All that concerns them is whether there will be peace or war.

"You may care to know," I said, "my opinion—for what it is worth—as to whether there will be peace or war."

That was the sentence that stiffened every face. "I believe," I said, "that there will be no war. . . ."

"Good!" half-screamed a middle-aged woman. Everyone smiled. They were all happy. And hardly anybody heard my ending, ". . . because war would be civilisation's act of suicide." There are times when we believe in future peace as we believe in immortality; it's comforting and unprovable.

At question-time the enquiry was more searching. Among Coventry's older workers the *mystique* of the Russian Revolution is still powerful. It renewed itself in a different form for the younger workers during the war. "How is it," they asked, "that Russia is 'bad' in 1948 whereas in 1945 it was 'good'?" For war purposes the truth must be seen in black or white, without concession to intermediate shades. Is Russia good or bad? The audience certainly did not think Russia sufficiently bad that they wanted to fight her.

There were other things they couldn't quite understand. Who were these good Berlin Social Democrats? Weren't there ever any Nazis in Berlin? Had they all become Communists? If the Russians who were good three years ago are now bad, are the Germans who were bad three years ago now good? And why do the Russians now call us Fascists, when only recently they called us Allies? It was useless to try to explain the crisis in terms of power—that the struggle for Berlin is the struggle for Germany. The questions were not concerned with ends. They were concerned with means and the justification of those means in moral terms. Men are only willing to die for a cause that they believe to be good.

If there was resentment at the meeting, it was not against peoples but against statesmen—Russian, American, French and British statesmen who had blundered and fumbled their way from 1945 to the present night when the heart was pricked again by the memory of war. "Are we now tied up body and soul to America?" one woman asked. "Have we got to do whatever they tell us?" She asked what several others in the audience echoed. "Are there secret military treaties with America which will involve Britain in war automatically?" That was the uncertainty that threw a latent gloom over the meeting—the discovery of those who, believing in free-will, suddenly fear that they may be predestined.

The men in their thirties asked about the American Senators negotiating military agreements with Franco. One young man who had just finished serving six years said that he wouldn't fight if others stayed at home earning £10 and £12 a week. At the end of the meeting a woman who had put a question about the atom bomb asked leave to move a resolution. There was some difficulty in formulating it, but in the end there was agreement—"That this meeting is in favour of peace."

MAURICE EDELMAN

# THAN TUN —BURMA'S REBEL

Newsprint restrictions being what they are, the majority of people in this country find the Burma situation practically unintelligible. They know only that there is "trouble out there" and that, as everywhere, Communists are behind the trouble. Of the personalities involved little, if anything, is known. Burmese leaders capture the British public's imagination more for the playful appeal of their names than for anything else, and certainly few could define their roles. According to the news services, there is no character to play the leading insurgent or top Communist rebel, and the rising is shrouded in mystery with escapist references to people "underground" and "in hiding." But who, when, and where, is left to our own pleasurable conjecture.

The leading rebel is in fact Than Tun—or Thakin (leader) Than Tun, as he prefers. But on no account must one infer from this that he leads the rebels. He commands the allegiance of a small mob, mostly youths, who label themselves Communists, but political science is well beyond the scope of the average Burmese hothead, and it is doubtful whether one in a hundred could define for you a Communist, a Socialist, or a Tory. It is difficult in the West to believe how far from understanding Western ideas many of the national leaders among Burma's young generation are. In 1945, when I asked Aung San, the late dictator, how he would contend with finance and economic affairs on the assumption of power he replied: "Don't worry; I've got my text-books." Certainly none of the new Communist rebels would aspire to the intellectual status even of Aung San, and their only settled doctrine is to strive to overthrow the constitutional authority, whether British or Burmese.

In every rebellion or war in Burma an unruly element comes suddenly to life, completely non-political, comprising criminals, dacoits, thugs and thieves and every individual who sees in the turmoil an opportunity to pillage his neighbour under cover of a cause. For as long as the rising flourishes, it has the appearance of being widespread and popular; but when the lawful authority begins to break the back of the movement, the disinterested forces melt suddenly into the jungle to hide their arms for another day. The so-called Communists led by Than Tun would not by themselves be a formidable factor.

Aung San and Than Tun married two young sisters, both nurses; and they were always closely associated in their political activities until Than Tun broke away at the time of Aung San's agreement with the British Government in 1947. In character and in appearance no two men were ever more different. Aung San, with his head shaved and in Japanese uniform looked to me indistinguishable from a Jap officer. His features were distinctly Mongolian and he was blessed with a tireless Jap-like smile. Never out of uniform, he looked what he was, an Asiatic terrorist-dictator. In every respect Than Tun is the reverse. With thick, ungroomed hair and less pronounced features, he is always immaculately dressed in spotless silk lungyis, and looks exactly what he is, a young politically-minded intellectual. He has a quiet, almost musical, tone of voice and a reserved manner not without charm. He contrasted strangely with his abrupt and feverish brother-in-law.

I wanted to make their acquaintance as an independent individual, in a Burmese setting, and not through the military administration or through the offices of any official. Accordingly, a Burmese friend agreed to ask us all to dine together. Not without much hesitation; like many other Burmese civil servants, he was terrified of being associated with the young "patriots" until the attitude towards them of the Civil Affairs Service became known on its arrival from Simla. Everything therefore was very hush-hush, which is much to the taste of political circles in Rangoon; and, when I presented myself at the appointed hour, my host insisted on talking in whispers in his own drawing-room, even if the topic under discussion was nothing more compromising than the monsoon. Quite soon some charming boys arrived, wearing assorted uniforms and wreathed in smiles. They brought the spirit of a school outing, but were introduced as commanders of units in the Resistance forces (known at intervals as the B.D.A., B.I.A., A.F.O., P.B.F., A.F.P.F.L., and so on; I forget the order, and what the initials stood for was never of much significance). Shortly after their arrival I heard with some apprehension my own Jeep depart with haste down the drive, so that when I was asked very agreeably if it might be borrowed to collect Aung San, it seemed tactful to reply in the affirmative.

The Jeep party returned, and the smiling Aung San swept in at the head of his jovial bodyguard. An earnest, taciturn Than Tun brought up the rear. The "General" received a boisterous welcome from his fellow warriors, and settled himself on a chair with his knees under his chin and his hands clasped round his shins, looking like a mischievous undergraduate and joining in the hearty roars of mirth which punctuated their conversational exchanges. Spontaneous merriment is a great Burmese characteristic, and this youthful band was unable to contain its gaiety, however serious the subject under discussion. Would they now work with the British, I asked? Yes, if the military administration behaved well. Roars of laughter. Would they co-operate with the former pre-war Burmese statesmen? Very few of them. Fresh roars. Did they want Dominion status or complete independence? Complete independence. Peels of amusement. I was beginning to get the form and chimed in with merry guffaws at the appropriate junctures. Finally, I asked, what would they do if we refused complete independence? Drive us out of Burma. This was too much for us all; we really let ourselves go in a crescendo of helpless laughter.

From all this Than Tun remained aloof, or at the best permitted himself a grudging smile. He appeared to tolerate his colleagues with a therly grace, but to be of too serious a turn of ind to become a part of such frivolous company. e soon became engaged in an interesting discuson, and it was clear that he was the thinker hind Aung San and the A.F.O. His opinion as much respected by the others, and Aung San ferred to him repeatedly for his point of view. he most significant fact was that he was very niably disposed towards the Allied Command, as genuinely proud of his organisation's associaon with General Slim, had a great admiration r Admiral Mountbatten, and was always talking bout "the new British", by whom he meant hose members of the British forces with hom he had come into contact since our reccupation of Rangoon. He was convinced that e British had undergone a change of heart uring the war, and that there would be no bstacles in the way of friendly and mutually vourable settlements between ourselves and the urmese. Not long afterwards he went, with ung San and a Karen, Saw Ba U Gyi, to Kandy Ceylon, where the Supreme Commander conuded an agreement with them on a number of oints, both political and military, which had ecome the subject of disagreement in Rangoon. n their return Than Tun made a public anouncement declaring that they were completely tisfied. Things were going well.

The events which took place during the weeks at followed are too dreary to recount in detail. he pre-war administration returned to Rangoon om its long sojourn in Simla. Certain of its fficers, especially the police, had scant regard for he Supreme Commander's wise order that the oung patriots were to be not only recognised but iven encouragement. The sensitive young aders were treated like naughty schoolboys and he more senior statesmen and public servants ere placed "under a cloud" pending searching nquiries into their conduct during the Japanese ccupation. Than Tun, lately operating on the lim level, was summoned for an interview and ept waiting for more than an hour by a junior olice officer—then sent away and told to return ext day. Aung Zan Wei, a member of the ouncil of the all-important A.F.O., was shut up r nine days and then released without any xplanation. Aung San was consistently referred o as a traitor and his forces regarded with ontempt. In one way or another the patriots ere all aggravated and upset. The "new ritish" were left high and dry in the face of refutable evidence that British Government was, anything, worse than before. The lovely eights of Simla had successfully shielded their nhabitants from the more chastening lessons of he war.

The change in Than Tun was rapid and ecisive; and in European company he was nclined to become either aggressively rude or ullen and disagreeable. Being highly sensitive nd blessed with an inferiority complex, he felt vidently that the young patriots had been duped y the British. He believed that a few stupid ut convincing officers had been sent ahead to ersuade them that the British, like everyone lse, had made mistakes in the past, but that they ere now quite different, and that there was verything to be gained by accepting Dominion tatus rather than by breaking away altogether. t had all been a trick. Now the very same ndividuals who had left Burma in 1942 had eturned to govern the country, and the fact that hey besported themselves in uniform with red abs made matters worse. The British should eave at once. They had no right in the country, or to its raw materials and trade; and they had o right to expect any compensation. There hould be no pacts nor agreements. The conection should be severed for all time.

By 1947 Than Tun had no time for anyone who favoured coming to terms with the British Government, and he refused to countenance the ttlee-Aung San treaty. For many months ow he had plotted to bring down the Burmese Government, which came to terms with Britain, nd recently he launched his rebellion which, if successful, will mean the total loss of British interests in Burma, the final conclusion of the British connection, and an invitation to the Kremlin to seep into South-East Asia.

AUBREY BUXTON

## THE WEST GROWS UP

THE young men who took Horace Greeley's advice and went West to grow up with the country are now very old or dead. The country has indeed grown up, spilling out the wealth from its mines and citrus groves, attracting industry with its cheap power and population with its climate, its scenery and its demand for more workers. The war boom was a fitting centenary for the California gold rush, as workers poured in to produce ships and planes and oil. Yet, in a curious way, the expansion of the last fifteen years has followed the pattern of a century ago. Then, whether the settlers trekked arduously across the Rockies or went round by boat, the majority eventually reached the coastal area and stayed. The mountains were for the wilder men, miners and cowhands. To-day, though the mountain States are claiming more people and developing their industrial and mineral resources in a more systematic fashion, they are still in their economic infancy. The people of the Pacific Coast, with the sea before them and deserts and mountains dividing them from any comparable area elsewhere in the country, have made a fine and flourishing place for themselves. Now, they are just beginning to pause and take stock of what they have done.

The problems they face are not particularly new or difficult to see. The stranger can spot several of them in the first few days. Yet, apart from the hard years of the early 'thirties, there was so much to be done so quickly that there was no time to tidy up all the loose ends as expansion went on. The city of Los Angeles is a case in point. Nothing but the continuous arrival of new residents, called by the sun or booming industry, coupled with frenzied speculation in real estate, could have caused such a crude urban sprawl. This monstrosity of a city which, with its suburbs, now houses more than four million people, is notorious for its lack of form, its inconvenience, and the mess it has made of a magnificent natural site. To-day, at great cost, it has begun to do something about its traffic problem. It has barely made a beginning in civic planning, either for the future or to clear up the inadequacies of the past. Local people tell you that it has not yet had time to develop a civic sense, that, like any boom town, it had first to face the problem of welding the swarms of immigrants and expanding industry together before it could settle down into the normal routine of civic life. I am sure that is true. I am equally certain that its citizens enjoy living in their string of overgrown villages. But neither excuses nor satisfaction with things as they are supply answers to pressing problems of water supply, power and town planning.

Los Angeles may be a symbol: there is ample material to support the argument. It is too early yet to decide whether California has solved its economic problem. The war years were a bonanza and nobody believes those golden days could be enjoyed indefinitely. While post-war retrenchment has gone a good way, with small pockets of unemployment here and there, no serious break has yet occurred. Some industries indeed, notably oil, are still expanding. But, if the boom breaks on a national scale, can California ride fairly easily through the storm? What of the migrants who still pour in by the hundred thousand? Most of the wealth in the State still comes from sources vulnerable to cold economic winds. While the film industry is always a special case, anyone who walked through the major studios this summer could see on a small scale what might hit other enterprises, especially those which rode to great prosperity on the wings of war, leaving the future to take care of itself.

In one studio after another it was the same story. Costs had mattered little while insatiable queues waited at the box-office. Then, once demand began to tail off—though it is still above pre-war—panic: panic accentuated by restrictions on British and other foreign markets: panic increased by failure to cut costs, by dislike of reducing established dividend rates, by the discovery of Red termites in the industry. Playing safe in the only way most of its moguls know, the film industry fell back upon the formulæ—westerns, costume movies, family sagas and musicals. I found it embarrassing to stand on the sets to watch some of the movies being prepared for next winter, the more so when studio executives mumbled apologies and excuses—mingled, naturally, with polite criticisms of Sir Stafford Cripps—for a timidity and fatuity of which they were themselves ashamed. If the movie industry is not yet sure what has hit it in the last few months, it is even more obviously unsure what remedies will meet its crisis.

Films, however, are a tiny if important facet of this process of readjustment. Organised labour is finding itself in just the same trouble that liberals have been meeting in politics. California has an exaggerated reputation of harbouring all kinds of crackpots: though there the lunatic fringe, like everything else in the State, is out in the full light of the sun, the intensity and instability that mark its political and industrial conflicts spring from fairly simple roots. They are part of the same story of expansion that has neither stopped nor fallen yet into an established tradition. It is a new melting pot of cultures, peoples and prejudices. Southern Negroes, Mexicans, European refugees, retired Iowa farmers and erstwhile auto workers from Detroit: these and a hundred other social groups are thrown together and are trying to find a basis for cohabitation. Of course, old people will fight for bigger pensions, labour will seek for sympathetic legislation, charlatans play on the emotions of the naive. The places on the social ladder have not yet been finally allotted as they have in older communities. A town where a citizen is almost a curiosity if he or she was born in it or even within the State, a town such as Los Angeles, has not had time to accumulate fixed and traditional allegiances. So the game is free for all, aided by the rules of electoral law which not merely permit a candidate to seek nomination from as many parties at a time as he pleases but also allow any group to place grab-all proposals on a referendum ballot.

To-day, in this political bun fight, the Communist issue has sharpened the lines of division. The leadership of the C.I.O. in the State has been in the hands of the Left for some time. Thus the official union machine, as well as those of the dozen or so major unions which have swung behind Wallace, is not only doing all it can to back up the Progressive Party but is also fighting a civil war against the C.I.O. national leaders who see their chance both to carry on the fight against the Left unions—which is taking place throughout the country—and to regain control of the State C.I.O. by promoting a breakaway movement against Harry Bridges, the Longshoremen's leader, and his friends of the Left who have, so far, managed to keep the machine in their hands. C.I.O. officials in Washington explained to me some time ago that their chief concern in this election was to minimise the Wallace vote, on the grounds that every vote cast for Wallace was a direct challenge both to the prestige and to the actual control of the anti-Communist C.I.O. leaders. Both sides know this, and the bitter intra-union fight that is raging all along the Pacific Coast is a reflection of it. It has now passed beyond the stage of name-calling and taking political sides. The Left unions, which refuse to sign the non-Communist affidavits required by the Taft-Hartley Act, are not only facing refusals by employers to negotiate new contracts but are also being raided—often with the approval of the employers in question—by other C.I.O. unions. This process is doing serious damage to the raided unions and it is not certain how long they can stand up to it. Coupled with this is the energetic campaign of A.C.T.U. (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) an increasingly important group in the C.I.O., which is employing the identical tactics of which it accuses the Communists for capturing union branches and winning elective positions. The end result of this struggle may be to drive the hard core of Communists into the sea; it may, in the process, do major harm to the C.I.O.

Undoubtedly, the Wallace movement is as competently and effectively directed in California as it is anywhere but New York. It does have a strong union base, an active radical tradition on which to build, and has begun to capitalise on some of the popular grievances—housing, for instance—left in the train of war. But its comparative strength in California only serves to point up the squashy mess into which liberals have fallen. I watched the manœuvres which preceded the departure of the California delegation to the Democratic convention: the attempts of delegates to jump on every bandwaggon but the President's were pathetic. The Democratic Party has been a force in the State and the liberals have had a good say. But Wallace has run away with many of the people who did the work in the past, and those who stayed behind lack cohesion, hope and policy. Believing that both Wallace and Truman skipper sinking ships, they prefer to go down on the one that is not only respectable but seems to them to have a better chance of rising again one day.

While the liberals debate and dispute, a struggle on which much of California's future depends is being fought out without much participation by them. Water is the sixty-four dollar question. Back over the coastal range of mountains lies the Central Valley, running the length of the State. Here, as for all the State south of San Francisco Bay, water is scarce. For nearly a dozen years, the Bureau of Reclamation has been working on the Central Valley Project, due for completion some time after 1960. The plan is to trap the heavy flow in the northern part of the State behind the enormous Shasta Dam and, by subsidiary dams and canals, not merely to provide more power but also to irrigate some three million additional acres — enough for fifty thousand new farms—and improve flood control.

Much of California is owned by large companies: more than half is the property of less than one-tenth of all owners. Yet the original Act, under which water will be supplied to farms, stipulates that one owner shall only receive enough to irrigate 160 acres, or twice that amount for man and wife, under the community property law. Water in excess of the amount required by 160 acres will only be supplied under condition that the excess acreage is sold off within ten years. Naturally, the big land companies do not like the idea of exclusion from the scheme while small farmers get interest-free loans to develop their irrigation systems, nor do they favour the use of this water provision as a means of breaking their land monopoly. So, for years, the large landowners have joined hands with the power interests to fight the project. The full story of this fight is an epic worthy of description by the Lincoln Steffens who muckraked California a generation ago.

The latest engagement ended in victory for the interests when, this summer, they at last pushed through an obscure financial measure in Congress, depriving Mr. Strauss, U.S. Commissioner of Reclamation, and his regional officer in the area, Mr. Boke, of their salaries, on the grounds they were not technically qualified for a job they had been doing for some time, both with skill and with determination that the project was more important than the opposition of powerful utilities and landowners. Gradually, the work forges ahead on this vast scheme, hampered and hamstrung at every stage by as bitter a dogfight as public power and assistance to the small farmer have encountered anywhere, not excepting the Tennessee Valley. This is one of the basic questions for California: the liberals are so busy with their internecine fight that their case is faltering through neglect.

Norman MacKenzie

## THE SMELL OF BLOOD

"If you're lucky you'll see the film-stars," said the Yeoman of the Guard. This was a surprising greeting to the Tower: I had come to attend the parade service at the little Chapel of Saint Peter ad Vincula, and to be offered, as well, film stars engaged on shooting a story about Roundheads and Cavaliers was an unexpected variation on the historical experience I had come to seek. I went under the blackened archways of the Middle Tower and the Byward Tower, past the dank chasm enclosing Traitors' Gate, under the Bloody Tower and up to Tower Green—the prettiest and most peaceful scene imaginable, to anyone who did not know the history of the place; it was flooded with sunshine, doors and seats shone with glossy paint, no ominous raven showed his black hood, and window-boxes were gay with geraniums, the red of flags and not the red of blood. And the same red glowed from the far corner across the parade-ground, where two actors in leather jerkins and steel caps and scarlet sleeves came clattering down a flight of steps. "Cut!" shouted a voice, and the men from the seventeenth century halted abruptly at the bottom of the steps and went back and did it all over again. Pale young men in dark glasses and yellow sweaters slid to and fro among the crowd of film technicians; a brown cloak fluttered at the top of the stairs; a man in knee-boots and Cavalier sleeves stood by a huge pale-blue canteen truck, eating a sandwich. "Cut!" shouted the voice again, and the men in scarlet sleeves turned back once more.

Presently a squad of Guardsmen came out to be drilled. Pink faces shining with sweat—the raw, distasteful hue of khaki—the sergeant's unintelligible liturgy—the odd jerky ritualistic movements of the soldiers—how unbeautiful and absurd, I thought at first. But presently this conventional rite began to seem startlingly real and akin to the blackened arches of history all round us. It was the conscious reconstruction of history—the feathers and helmets on the steps beyond the parade-ground—which rang false. Now they were trying it the other way round; the procession led by the two soldiers was going *up* the steps; the white plume and the blonde wig followed; up they went in hot haste—but that would not do either, the procession halted and looked foolish. And now the bogus past and the present rooted in tradition suddenly mixed. Red-cassocked choir-boys, released from hymn practice, swarmed among the film group, presumably collecting autographs. In front, the drill went on; the sergeant shouted and pointed; the triple rows shifted and reformed; the gold hands of the clock moved on towards eleven, and I strolled towards the door of the Chapel, passing the chain-encircled square where the scaffold once stood.

It is not too difficult, I thought, to call up to the mind's eye the actual scene of an execution here; to picture the close-packed crowds, the children held up to peer through leaded window-panes in the houses round, the praying hands of the priests, the sawdust, the grey sheen of the newly-sharpened axe, the glazed stare of terrified eyes; to imagine the stink of sweat and dirt and disease and the horrible smell of fresh blood. What is difficult is to get back into the *minds* of the spectators—to see with their eyes, to feel their emotions, so utterly different from what anyone would now experience watching an execution. The pleasure is still the same, judging by the gloating eagerness of many to see the photographs of the Nuremberg executions, and by the crowd which always surrounds a car smash. But we feel differently about the pleasure; it is furtive and unacknowledged, no longer taken for granted as perfectly natural. One would have to think back out of that restraint of taste (taste it is, not conscience) if one were to get oneself into the minds of those who watched Anne Boleyn of Monmouth die on Tower Hill. One's whole conception of law, of the State and one's place in it, of loyalty and duty, of crime and of sin, of death and of life after death, would be different, and would make one feel differently about the spectacle one was watching. The situation itself persists in every age; Strafford or Mihailovic, Scroop or William Joyce, Edmund Campion or Edith Cavell—the unsuccessful statesmen, the traitors and the martyrs suffer in every age. The very morning of my visit to the Tower, the Chaplain preached from the text—"Now about that time Herod the King stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword." The sword, the axe, the guillotine, the rope, the firing squad—that thread runs red through history. But to-day the ordinary man thinks of it as a thread in a gruesome tapestry hung in a back room which he need not visit. But for those who saw Surrey and Essex die, it must have been something much more everyday and immediate than that.

When Raleigh was in the Tower waiting for his execution, he wrote a poem which opens a window into the mind of another age—and very disconcerting it is. He ends up:

> "And this is my eternal plea
> To Him that made heaven, earth and sea;
> Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
> And want a head to dine next noon,
> Just at the stroke when veins start and spread,
> Set on my soul an everlasting head.
> Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
> To tread those blest paths which before I writ."

How could he? cries the twentieth-century mind. How could he be at once so callous and so smug, so disgustingly realistic about his body and so utterly complacent about his soul, sure that there was a heaven and that he was going there. Well, there it is—the horrible smell of fresh blood, which we cannot bear to think of. "Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread"; that was written by a man who had seen it happen—had seen the fountainous uprush of blood from the fortunate victims whose necks were severed by a single blow, and the sagging look of the emptied blood-vessels in the raw wound. And he was writing about himself, remember—about what was going to happen to his own well-loved body within twenty-four hours. Compare it with "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" or Housman's "Eight O'Clock," and you feel that the human mind has moved a long way in three hundred years; though whether backwards or forwards who shall say?

So if they want me to be convinced by their film of Roundheads and Cavaliers in the Tower, they must do more than get the clothes and the armour and the historical *events* right. They must get back into the thoughts and feelings of the seventeenth century. It is the hardest task of the historical imagination: not to praise as patriotic or democratic, or blame as imperialist, those who lived before these political attitudes were invented; not to divide into classes those who thought of themselves as a united hierarchy, or cut up into nations a mass of people who were first and foremost co-religionists; not to ignore the awkward facts and processes which won't fit into the tidy and easily memorised categories and periods. One way back lies through the rituals that have carried on the emotions of past events, I thought, as I looked at the red-cassocked choir-boys and the drilling soldiers and found them more real than the fancy dress party behind them. Some historical films try to make the stubborn events of the past acceptable to modern taste by sugar-coating them with contemporary ideals. There is a good precedent for it all; Shakespeare ruthlessly made all his historical characters, from Hector to Faulconbridge, underwrite his, and his contemporaries', hatred of rebellion and passion for an ordered society. But it is not the best way to understand the past; that has to be done by the opposite process. Coming out from Saint Peter ad Vincula into the sunshine on my way home to Sunday lunch, passing the place where the block stood, I heard Raleigh's voice saying:

> "Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
> And want a head to dine next noon."

and a breath of another age, with its cruelty and wit, squalor and courage, came faintly across to this grey century.

J. C. Fennessy

# The Arts and Entertainment

## PROBLEMS OF STYLE

THE Furtwängler case—I mean of course the esthetic, not the now closed political case—coninues to present us with a puzzling phenomenon of ontemporary taste. How does it come about that a famous conductor, recognised for some 25 years hroughout continental Europe as standing at the ummit of his profession, immensely popular moreover with audiences everywhere (England included), hould regularly receive from the English press notices either lukewarm or positively hostile? On the day after his first Albert Hall concert with the Vienna Philharmonic (now once more a glorious orchestra, though with a slight uncertainty in the horn department), I happened to meet at luncheon a famous and justly admired German pianist—a pianist, by the way, with none of the eccentricities of style imputed by his detractors to Dr. Furtwängler—whose eyes blazed with indignation at the criticisms which had appeared in the morning papers; would I kindly explain the mystery?

Though in the past I have sometimes been disturbed by Dr. Furtwängler's mannerisms, notably in Brahms, where his tempi and dynamics are inclined to fluctuate beyond reasonable limits, on this occasion I found it hard to make out a good case for my colleagues, having myself been overwhelmed on the previous night by the performance of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony;* its intense poetic feeling, radiant tranquillity, and extraordinary beauty of pure sound. Certainly, as everybody pointed out, the tempo of the first movement was slow—a saunter to the Paradise Garden rather than a brisk outing to the Wienerwald; and yet, as realised that night by the Viennese players, the effect seemed divinely beautiful and right: the very spirit of contemplative freedom made audible.

May I hazard a possible explanation of the strange discrepancy of taste? Conductors, like other men, never possess all the virtues: their intense concentration on one kind of excellence is inevitably balanced by a deficiency in some other direction, their sympathy with certain composers offset by a corresponding indifference to others. Thus Toscanini, generally regarded in England and America as the greatest of living conductors, is above all remarkable for his powerful, undeviating stride, his ability to see and shape a long Beethoven or Brahms *allegro* as a single, inevitable, structural whole; but this very forcefulness is apt to make his handling of Mozart or Schubert altogether too ruthless. Now it so happens, I think, that Dr. Furtwängler's virtues are those which cut no ice with the average English professional musician, whereas his faults are precisely those which they most dislike. As a class, English musicians are singularly deaf to rhythmical subtlety, refinements of nuance, and sheer voluptuous beauty of sound in general, as you discover in two minutes if you discuss singers with them; so that all these qualities, in which Furtwängler excels, are either taken for granted or dismissed as "too finicking," whereas his instabilities of tempo arouse an almost Puritan irritation: he doesn't, by God, play with a straight bat, which Toscanini unquestionably does. Meanwhile, the general public, little concerned with the question of straight bats, can at least see that somehow or other the conductor has contrived to knock up a tremendous score; and therefore wisely applauds.

If Dr. Furtwängler's temperament inclines him to dream, linger, yield to impulse, surrender always to the sensuous beauty of the passing moment, we need go no further than to Covent Garden to discover his exact antithesis. The new season opened with *Aïda*, preceded by a God Save the King which told us clearly enough, with its spanking pace, its dry string tone, and its machine-gun rattle on the timpani, what we were in for: an exciting, strenuous, imposing performance, charged with nervous vitality, and in all these respects thoroughly Verdian, but wholly lacking in pathos, mystery, warmth, nostalgia and passion—in short, in all those qualities which the Italians sum up in the word "morbidezza." There was one quite simple reason for this: about half the score was taken far, far too fast, and its lyrical expansiveness killed by a pedantic inflexibility of line. Incredible almost, the speed at which Dr. Rankl expected Amneris to trace the sinuous curve of "Ebben, qual nuovo fremito" in the second act, or Amonasro to breathe his haunting "Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate" in the third, and comically back-to-front, the *rubato* adopted for the final duet: a big wait on the top G flat, and none at all on the preceding F. In the great climax of the triumph scene, where her clear, strong voice soared easily above the splendid Covent Garden chorus, Mme Welitsch showed us what an Aïda she has it in her to be; but it must be added, that in addition to the imposed handicaps of pace and English language, she was somewhat weak in the lowest register, used too little variety of timbre, and was altogether inadequately expressive for this marvellous role, which has been called the Italian Isolde. Of course, her Aïda was fine enough by current standards; but to those who saw her Salome and Donna Anna it was disappointingly cold.

The Amneris of Edith Coates was the best performance this singer has given us since the war; her final scene was not only powerful and convincing dramatically, but was realised in terms of a clear and steady vocal line such as she too often scorns to employ. In a less hurried performance, Silveri would make a fine Amonasro; Torsten Ralf, as Radames, alone in the happy position of being allowed to use the original Italian text, was always safe, but stolid rather than heroic, so that it was particularly unkind to dress him up in a magenta gown of so unwarriorlike a cut. Generally speaking, sets and costumes (Audrey Cruddas) and production (Michael Benthall) were effective and uneccentric—the latter now a virtue for which one must be thankful; and altogether this *Aïda* would do credit to Covent Garden if only the conductor would give the singers room to make Verdi's effects in Verdi's way. No doubt he prides himself on his haste and inexpressive rigidity, conceiving it to be a purification of the text from the accumulation of bad Italian traditions. I wish it were possible, as an experiment, to hand over this *Aïda* for half a dozen performances to Mr. Barbirolli; but, for some reason not altogether clear, guest conductors are taboo nowadays at Covent Garden.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## RADIO NOTES

BEING a radio-addict is rather like being a resident in an enormous seaside town, Blackpool, Brighton and Bournemouth rolled into one, with Aldeburgh thrown in. The season is never quite dead; something is always going on; but during one particular week in the year the resident's senses quicken. The pier has been freshly silver-painted overnight; the booths, side-shows and pierrots reveal themselves again. It's the holiday season; the town is waiting for the trippers. At the seaside the transformation occurs in April, in broadcasting in late September. By now all the old firms are back, bedizened with new gilt and smart paint, but not under entirely new management. First, *The Brains Trust.* Not what it was: we've said that for years, but now it's serious. Doubtless the management does its best, but it has found no substitute yet for that unabashed Dr. Joad, who never failed to aerate the discussion. Still *Itma*, probably our town's greatest attraction, is as good as ever: for days after our visit we have gone round gleefully exclaiming, "Nauseating tartufferie" in the accent of Frisby Dyke. Then there's *Progress Report*, a show new last season, which we

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found rather boring after the novelty had worn off, the speakers bawled at us and bullied us so. This season's first performance was a great improvement; it was quieter in tone, more intimate. The theme was agriculture, the text Sir John Boyd Orr's dictum, "A civilisation which cannot feed its people is doomed." By reporting from France and Denmark as well as from the English counties it set the achievements of British farming in perspective. A most persuasive show. We recommend it to all visitors.

But the great thing about being a resident is that you know the town, the small unpublicised entertainments whose existence the crowds which never leave the front hardly suspect; the *First Hearing* programme, *Hiroshima No. 3*, for instance, a feature by Mr. F. G. Thomas on life in a prisoner-of-war camp in Japan towards the end of the war. It seemed a very faithful study of life under the most gruelling and depressing conditions. Yet it was not depressing, because of the author's beautifully exact writing and the quiet attractiveness of the characters. I have never heard such convincing working men on the air. The management should transfer this show to a main street.

The corporation is also a vulture for culture. It believes that the best that has been written and composed should always be on tap, even if the public shows no great willingness to patronise it. At the moment *St. Joan* and *The Family Reunion* are in repertory. I found Mr. Laurence Kitchin's *The Trial of Lord Byron* an interesting new programme. With Byron the trial form was legitimate and it proved a lively piece of psychological investigation. The writing reminded us that Mr. Kitchin is a wit. One was bothered by the convention chosen only towards the end, in the final speech for the prosecution, and I suspect the over-emotional appeal there was as much Mr. Abraham Sofaer's fault as the author's.

Visitors who appreciate good talks are well catered for. Mr. Raymond Mortimer's was a delightfully enticing introduction to the *Writers and Music* series, a most urbane analysis of aesthetic experience. Then—an astonishing performance—there was the unscripted, unrehearsed discussion between Mr. Denis Johnston and Mr. Frank O'Connor on the mystery of Swift's relations with Stella. Here was real, spontaneous discussion with nothing fake about it. Some time ago I said harsh things about the behaviour of Irish writers at the microphone. After *The Riddle of Swift* I gladly take them all back. In the face of such a *tour-de-force* the only appropriate emotion is admiration.

William Salter

## PICASSO ; TREVELYAN

The exhibition of 55 lithographs by Picasso which the *Arts Council* were showing lately in St. James's Square now goes on its way to certain lucky places up and down the country. The subjects of these wonderful drawings made in 1945-1947 are his usual ones: nudes; portraits of girls; still life, perhaps a few flowers in a jar against a mirror with a heavy frame, or a coffee-pot with a skull on an open Bible; and so on. But there are one or two new arrivals: a little owl has fluttered down and perched among the familiar studio properties—and it happens to be a real one, though its image here is not *more* alive than all those inanimate objects which Picasso endows each with its own *personality*, a quality which is exciting in a mere "object." Perched on one of the knobs of the usual Picasso chair-back this owl, a little old box of a bird, stares out at Picasso—and us. It seems in itself a symbol of the artist, and particularly of his work in recent years: for it is a sort of ambassador of the Dark, of the vast netherworld which psychologists call the Unconscious. It blinks in the unfamiliar brightness of the daylight world—which is just what Picasso's pictures do. Again like the pictures, this owl has an aura of the dark whence it comes. What distinguishes Picasso's works to-day more than ever is a spiritual or metaphysical quality. It is curious that this rarely frightens us; though he makes us follow to the strangest and (often very terrifying) places, we feel increasingly at home in the spiritual landscape to which he admits us. Many of the greatest artists make us acquainted with a new Reality. It is not infrequently a Hell of some kind. But such artists, being explorers not inventors, can introduce us only to that which is real and which we shall therefore, in some way, be able to accept. Once such a new world of the imagination is recognised or accepted we begin to find new beauties in the presentation of the themes deriving from it. Picasso and T. S. Eliot are both giant creators: both have made a new world; and we find that these worlds of theirs increasingly resemble the one we live in. Artistic creation of this order, however, transcends aesthetics; indeed, a new aesthetic and new criteria invariably form in the wake of such achievement, which in itself is of another nature.

Other newcomers in Picasso's pictures are the turtle-doves and pigeons. The softness and featheryness of the pigeons in some of these lithographs is quite remarkable: a rapid stabbing and spluttering of a large brush—and there's the bird, ready to take off with a flap and a cluck. Every conceivable variety of texture is to be found among these drawings. Whether it is a line, blob, scratch or stipple, there is never the slightest suggestion that the ends and the means are not in fact identical: every black or grey mark is magnificently itself—and a lot of other things at the same time.

At the *Lefevre*, Julian Trevelyan's new paintings are mostly of landscape: panoramas of Paris or the Thames at Chiswick. For a long time now his work has had the appearance of an attempt to unify a number of disparate approaches, which in fact he only succeeds in combining. Although he clearly wishes to create his own conceptual image of everything he paints, he appears to set about the designing of his canvas in rather the same way that an impressionist would. He wishes to *re-create* the scene, but his composition is on the lines of one who merely wishes to *record* it; that is, his conception of space is naturalistic, whereas his conception of any single object by itself is not. His version of any object (houses toylike and reminiscent of Christopher Wood; his trees like bits of rag or paper rigged on wire) is more interesting than his arrangement of these versions. Perhaps a fresh appeal to Nature might enlarge what does strike one as a limited repertoire of forms and devices. Trevelyan's colour is always imaginative and the quality of his paint is good. But his sense of place, his instinctive recognition of the character of particular places—Paris, the Scillies or the Potteries—is his chief asset.

Patrick Heron

## THE MOVIES

**"The Fallen Idol," at the Empire**

**"Noose," at the Warners'**

**"Esther Waters," at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion**

**"The Birth of a Nation," at the Everyman, Hampstead**

*The Fallen Idol* is based on one of Graham Greene's most brilliant and intellectually horrifying short stories—more than based, really: apart from the irrelevant happy ending, it follows the story fairly closely. The author worked on the film script and—apart from that contrivance at the end, which wastes one of the best points of the story, the foreshadowing in a child of the spiritual doom of a man—this is a really satisfying picture. What a joy it is to feel secure right from the start, as to the characters and the logic of the events, in the hands of a writer of very high quality. The direction is by Carol Reed, one of our two best directors, I think, so that the feeling of security is doubled, and altogether this is 90 minutes of remarkable pleasure. It runs 94

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minutes in all; if you haven't read the story you won't mind the last four. If you are normally a cinema goer, this is a film which must not be missed. If you are not, here is something worthy to lure you into the cinema and show you what—on the rare occasions when artistic integrity is allowed to come out on top—this sadly misused medium can do.

As to the minor points, the acting is outstanding, both in major and supporting roles. Ralph Richardson is as good as one has learned to expect him to be, whatever he does—and this is meant as anything but a grudging tribute. I know that to a great many people, because there is an absolutely staggering performance by an eight-year-old boy, Bobby Henrey, the acting will seem the most most notable thing in the film, but excellent as the child is, we have seen many wonderful feats of this kind before; it is largely a matter of very skilful and infinitely patient direction, I believe. The thing we see far less often, the thing which will take me back to *The Fallen Idol* under my own steam, probably several times, is the feeling that for once what the screen has to say is much more important than how it says it. There has been, for too long, a depressing and widening gap between the physical near-perfection of the cinema, and its mental grasp: what the screen wants to convey it can now put across superbly, but how often is what it wants to say worth saying? Any picture which narrows that gap is immensely welcome, and *The Fallen Idol* does it.

Incidentally, laughter is used here as it is by any good author in a book, but almost never by a film script writer, not as an end in itself but to heighten tension on either side of it. Out of relief, I laughed with more enjoyment than I have known in a cinema for many months at a police-station scene where a good hearted prostitute (a gem of acting by Dora Bryan) tries with the best motives, in the idiom of her job, to get the boy's address out of him. And then, when a telephone call for a police ambulance sweeps the story back into grim intensity it takes one's breath away, although one has been waiting for it. I came out of this film shivering, on a hot morning.

After this, everything else this week seems so flat that it is hard to be fair to it. *Noose* is a better-than-average gangster picture because it has in it a well-observed, human and entertaining spiv character, whom Nigel Patrick plays delightfully. The rest are stock figures, the tough but comely woman journalist (the late Carole Landis) tracking down the suavely ruthless gang boss (Joseph Calleia) with the backing of a London newspaper editor who surprisingly prints the most damaging personal stories on the lady's mere suspicion, and then waits for her and her boy-friend to collect the evidence. However, the picture is quick and glossy enough for this not to worry you if you don't happen to have worked in a newspaper office.

*Esther Waters* is surely the puritan's dream of a worthy film. So much horse-racing, gambling, drinking, with a little fornication, illegitimacy and baby-farming thrown in, reduced to such a dim level of joylessness that one can't imagine what all the glum characters are indulging themselves for, if they get so little from it. This is one of the pictures which prove that the negative virtues are not enough: it is never in bad taste, it is never out of period, it never departs far from the facts of the George Moore novel. It just never remotely comes alive, as the book is alive to this day—I take back a bit of that: there is one excellent sequence of Derby Day in the 1880's. But then Miss Kathleen Ryan appears on the scene, an actress effective in her own sort of part, but absolutely incapable of suggesting the drive and indomitable earthiness of Esther, and even Derby Day loses its gusto.

In contrast, how marvellously *The Birth of a Nation,* made in 1915, holds its quality. This huge, rambling, desperately sincere old film has been put on in London as a memorial to D. W. Griffiths, who died recently, and well repays a visit. It divides audiences into two classes: those who feel the cinema has progressed a lot since then, and those who feel the progress has mainly been sideways or backwards. Except in weeks which hold a *Fallen Idol,* I am in class II.

E. Arnot Robertson

## THE THEATRE

### " Medea," at the Globe Theatre

The difficulty with the *Medea* (in anybody's translation) is its combination of static Greek conventions with developing psychological drama. The characters must express a change and continuity of emotion as intricate as Ibsen's; but with far less freedom to move about. Things certainly do happen; but there are not the easy comings and goings, the deflections and diversions, which mould action in the theatre to-day. It is hardly possible, as has been suggested, that the play should be presented as a debate, a quiet discussion of issues between Medea and Jason, with others contributing; we would find it impossible to accept a Medea who murders her two little sons, on the stage, as a result of a series of quiet arguments.

Yet something of this feeling of debate needs to be kept if the *Medea* is not to become monotonous. It most particularly needs to be kept during the earlier part; for if emotions are pitched too high too early, then the players can have nothing more to give in the supreme, dreadful moment of child murder, and the audience has nothing more to feel. We emerge from the theatre shaken, marvelling at the play itself, but slightly disappointed.

Neither Mr. Gielgud's production nor Miss Herlie's acting have quite escaped this difficulty. We are given "the works" almost from the beginning; they begin to pall when they should most tell; and, as if deliberately to galvanise, there is something of an excess of collapsing fits, crazed reelings, and panting messengers. Miss Herlie's is a remarkable performance, every poisoned inch a Medea; if monotony threatens it it is not perhaps altogether her fault; but I think that she might have gained by turning down the volume a little in her first scene with Jason. Almost all of the acting was good, in particular the Jason (a splendidly mean Octavian figure) of Mr. Ralph Michael, the Nurse of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, and the Tutor of Mr. Lee Fox. Miss Elspeth March, chief of the Chorus of three Greek women, did seem a shade too robust; as if she felt that tea and a hot bath would soon put a stop to all Medea's "nonsense." The costumes and the settings of Mr. Leslie Hurry, were adequate, if not remarkable; and I found the verse of Mr. Robinson Jeffers quite pleasant to listen to. On balance, Mr. Gielgud and his company deserve our thanks.

## BALLET

### Sivaram at the Torch Theatre

Sivaram, a young Hindu dancer from the great school of Kathakali dance-drama in Malabar must not be missed at the tiny Torch Theatre, for he is among the finest living dancers, and is able by his fine and noble art and his extraordinary personal fascination to make even that small stage great. In adapting his art to the stage, he has lost nothing of the noble simplicity, strength and refinement of the school. What we see is only a fragment of the whole, shorn of much of its glamour, its fearful ardours and musical intensity, but it is a fragment of the real thing. Fortunately the dance is left to speak for itself, with sufficient indications on the programme for everyone to understand what is going on. Sivaram's brilliant and eloquent technique of gesture and footwork leave one entranced; and also, I must add, his poses, which are a marvel of expressive immobility.

The programme is delightfully varied and has not a dull moment. There are, it is true, no Indians in this Hindu ballet, just as there are occasionally no Russians in Russian ballet companies; but Tamara, Edo and Liong Sie, of Chinese and Dutch parentage, who were born in Java and had a Balinese dance teacher, are already very decorative members of Sivaram's troupe.

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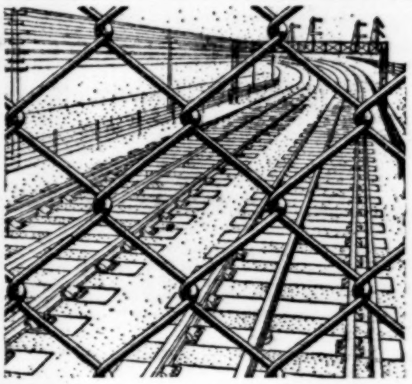

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# Correspondence

## THE ACQUIRED HABITS OF NAPOLEON

SIR,—May I have space for a letter on two apparently different subjects ?

First, as to the squabble about the inheritance of acquired habits. It is 42 years out of date. In 1906, in a lecture to the Fabian Society, I pointed out that under evolution all habits are inherited, at first by infinitesimal increments from generation to generation until they are fully acquired, when they become inborn, though they recapitulate in the womb in a few months the development that may have taken centuries to acquire. In another 40 years or so this biological fact, to me obvious, will become equally so to our academic dunderheads, who imagine they are evolutionists and men of science when they are still straying with Weismann and Pavlov up the garden path in Eden, where I am only the humble serpent.

I now come to the most remarkable case of acquired habit we know of. It is that of Napoleon.

Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, a distinguished historian, has achieved a feat which I thought impossible. He has covered a whole page of THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION with an essay on Napoleon which is farther off the mark than H. G. Wells's *gaffe* on the same subject in his *Outline of History*.

Napoleon's overwhelming habit of mind, rubbed into him from his tenth year at the Royal Military School in Brienne and the Military School in Paris, was that of an excessively professionalised soldier gifted with an extraordinary natural aptitude for the tactics dictated in his technical schoolbooks. He fought his last battle exactly as he had fought his first, and lost it because the books said that you must not begin a cavalry engagement on damp grass but must wait for it to dry. He waited two hours, and thereby gave Blucher time to come up with his Prussians and snatch from him the victory he supposed himself to have won in the afternoon.

His contempt for Wellington was the implacable contempt of the professional for the amateur ; for he had never been warned in Brienne or Paris that rank amateurs, like Caesar and Cromwell and Churchill, had proved first rate generals, or that their improvised tactics, changing if necessary from battle to battle, were often more dangerous than book tactics. When he said that Wellington made mistakes, he was not, as Mr. Taylor thinks, lying spitefully. Wellington did make mistakes : he began his instructions to his staff before Waterloo with the words " Boney has humbugged us," and amply confirmed Napoleon's claim to have all but won in the afternoon by his description of the engagement as " a very near thing," and by his refusal to allow an official account of the battle because the British artillery not only ran away (one of his dicta was " All soldiers run away ; but it does not matter if their supports are firm,") but left their guns unspiked behind them, which was unpardonable.

Napoleon never pretended to have won at Waterloo. He said quite truly that it was a defeat for the English people, meaning exactly what Byron meant when he heard of the victory and said he was " damned sorry." Napoleon thought and said that he was winning, as he had won the day before at Quatre Bras, until the Prussians arrived ; and though, in view of the repeated failure of the desperate charges of Ney and D'Erlon to break the British squares, it may be said that as he did not know when he was beaten, his claim was quite sincere.

As to Napoleon " supposing that he could master the world by will alone " (Mr. Taylor's words) that is schoolboy romance. Napoleon believed in the big battalions, the knowledge of his job, and the genius for its practice that had won 300 battles for him. He could keep in mind the number of any of his forces, and exactly where they would be next Tuesday week and at what time. He believed that if he could go on long enough, even when worsted, the other fellow would give in (Marengo, for instance). His St. Helena autobiography is sometimes boresome, not because he ever twaddles about his indomitable will, but because he persists in giving you professional information about regimental strengths and marches until you are thankful that you are spared the number of buttons on his drummer boys' tunics.

I need not multiply instances. Napoleon's professionalism is the key to his whole career ; and writers who, like Wells and (surprisingly) Mr. Taylor, cannot understand military professionalism, and assume that Napoleon was a vulgar liar and pretender, inventing bogus history for his own glorification, should put their scripts in the fire.

People who believe that a nobody such as Mr. Taylor has described could have achieved Napoleon's fame can believe anything. G. BERNARD SHAW

## SOVIET TACTICS

SIR,—In his speech at Uno on September 27th, Mr. Bevin gave the following quotation from a speech by Lenin cited by Stalin in his *Problems of Leninism* :

> We are living not merely in a State, but in a system of States, and the existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist States for a long time is unthinkable. One or other must triumph in the end. And before that end supervenes, a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois States will be inevitable. That means that, if the ruling class—the proletariat—wants to hold sway, it must prove its capacity to do so by military organisation also.

From this Mr. Bevin drew the conclusion that the Soviet Union would not co-operate honestly with non-Communist States. This, I contend, is a grossly misleading interpretation.

The above extract occurs in a section of the report given by Lenin to the Eighth Communist Party Congress held in March, 1919. He was dealing with the organisation of the Red Army, and it is clear from the whole context that he was discussing the question of *self defence* for the young Socialist State and not the principles of Soviet foreign policy.

Immediately following the extract given by Bevin Stalin makes another quotation from Lenin (not given by Bevin) in which Lenin says :

> We have before us a highly unstable, but still an undoubted, indisputable certain degree of equilibrium. How long this will last I do not know and I think no one can tell. And therefore on our side we have to be very circumspect. And the first behest of our policy, the first lesson—a lesson we have learnt from our first years of Government activity—a lesson which must be mastered by all our workers and peasants—this lesson is that we must be on the alert. We must bear in mind that we are surrounded by people, by classes, by Governments who openly display the greatest hatred towards us. We must remember that we are always but a hair's breadth from all kinds of invasion.

Again it is absolutely clear that Lenin was referring to *self defence* not to foreign policy.

In the section of Stalin's book in which both these quotations from Lenin are given, Stalin is arguing against Zinoviev, who contended that Socialism could not be successfully constructed in one country alone. Stalin stressed that this could be done and that their experience had already proved that, in spite of the economic backwardness of Russia, they could and would construct Socialism in their country. If they had help from outside it would be done more speedily, but even without aid from the more highly technically developed countries they could still do it by their own efforts.

What Stalin contended was that they could have no *final guarantee against intervention from outside and from consequent restoration of capitalism until Socialism had triumphed at least in some of the more important countries of the world.*

The conclusion drawn by Bevin is the direct opposite to what Stalin said and quite evidently intended to convey in the section of the book from which Bevin took a small quotation entirely divorced from its context. ZELDA K. COATES

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## SOVIET TACTICS

SIR,—On the subject of Soviet tactics, it was Mr. imitrov, when he was secretary of the Communist nternational, who long ago replied to people like the ditors of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. At the venth congress of the Communist International he aid, "We are sometimes accused of departing from ur Communist principles. What stupidity! What lindness! We should not be Marxist and Leninist volutionaries, nor disciples of Marx, Engels, Lenin nd Stalin, if we were not capable of completely ltering our tactics and our mode of action as circumtances may dictate. But all the deviations and all the ns and outs of our tactics are directed to a single nd, World Revolution."

Once people realise the full implication of this tatement, they can put the real value on any change n Soviet tactics. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION refers the tactics of Mr. Litvinov. Yet at the very ime that Litvinov at Geneva was advocating disrmament (like Mr. Vishinsky last week at Paris) the ommunist International passed unanimously the ollowing resolution:

"The overthrow of capitalism is impossible without iolence, that is, without armed uprising and wars gainst the bourgeoisie. In our era of imperialistic ars and world revolution, revolutionary civil wars of he proletarian dictatorship against the bourgeoisie, ars of the proletariat against bourgeois States and orld capitalism, as well as national revolutionary wars f oppressed peoples against imperialism, are navoidable."

Litvinov's tactics were obviously part of the Soviet ame to throw dust in the eyes of Western democratic owers. Critic puts forward the suggestion that t would leave Russia at a disadvantage for America o have the right of inspection of Russian atomic and rmament plants. This special pleading is arrant onsense. The United States only asks the same ights as it is prepared to grant Russia. The ussians would have the same right to inspect every merican plant as America would to inspect Russian lants, exactly on a basis of equality. If Russia has othing to hide what is the complaint? The specious easoning of Critic is obviously coloured by his nveterate bias against Mr. Bevin.

Strathclyde, GEO. DALLAS
Gt. Doddington, Northants.

[In his youthful enthusiasm Mr. Dallas misses the oint. No one doubts that the Soviet Union believes n world revolution and in certain phases encourages t. It also fears wars which the capitalist Powers may lan against it. We know, however, of no Communist text which suggests that the U.S.S.R. should begin a war. As we said, Soviet tactics vary. Those of Litvinov offered the West an opportunity of cooperation which would have prevented war in 1939. We prefer them to the tactics of Molotov.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

## CIVIL DEFENCE

SIR,—The Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists in the U.S.A. issued in 1946 the following statement:

1. Atomic bombs can now be made cheaply and in great number. They will become more destructive.
2. There is no military defence against atomic bombs and none is to be expected.
3. Other nations can rediscover our secret processes by themselves.
4. Preparedness against atomic war is futile, and if attempted, will ruin the structure of our social order.
5. If war breaks out, atomic bombs will be used, and they will surely destroy our civilization.
6. There is no solution to this problem except international control of atomic energy, and ultimately, the elimination of war.

In April, 1948, the Emergency Committee added: "Every scientific development in the intervening seventeen months has supported the accuracy of this statement."

In view of the preparations that are being made in this country for civil defence, and the talk of evacuation of the population of large cities and the dispersal of essential industries, I have asked the National Federation of Civil Defence Associations and the local Civil Defence Association what answer they have to give to the Statement, in particular points Nos. 2 and 4. I have pointed out that unless they can give an equally authoritative refutation of these points, they are deluding both themselves and the public, and that all preparations for civil defence are so much waste paper, or rather, in view of the notorious speech of Sir John Anderson in the House of Commons, "brown paper."

So far, in spite of repeated requests, I have failed to elicit a reply. Why? LEONARD C. SOPER

3 Holford Road, N.W.8.

## STRATEGY AND IRISH PARTITION

SIR,—Though titled "Strategy and Irish Partition," your article by a Dublin correspondent surprisingly ignores the main strategic lesson of recent history. It appears to be oblivious of the part Northern Ireland played during the war in defeating the U-Boats, safeguarding our convoys and facilitating the arrival of American supplies, war material and men. It fails to appreciate that had Northern Ireland been neutral like Eire, it might well have tipped the scales in favour of the Nazis and brought about our defeat.

Mr. Costello seems to be equally forgetful and now proposes that Northern Ireland should be chivvied out of her intimate relationship with Great Britain if, in return, Eire consents in some vague way to assist in a general scheme of Western defence.

The first answer to his proposal is, of course, that Northern Ireland wishes to remain loyal to the British connection. To make incorporation in Eire still more repugnant to Ulstermen, Mr. Costello has chosen this moment to announce the abolition of the External Relations Act. This move will sever one of that country's last ties with the British Crown that even Mr. De Valera left intact.

Pressure from this country would be necessary to merge the six counties in Republican Eire. Apart from the morality of such a proceeding, commonsense makes such pressure unthinkable. To quote your correspondent, "Even on Mr. Costello's terms Ireland would be dragged reluctantly into European conflict." For this dubious help we are asked to desert a British community whose loyalty has stood the test of war.

The present campaign is reminiscent of the handing over of the Treaty Ports in 1938, and a reading of the British Press of April 25th and 26th of that year, or of Hansard on the Eire Bill of May 5th, is instructive. (Mr. Churchill's speech in the debate can be read in the volume "Into Battle.") This Bill, we are told, would remove the last irritant to Anglo-Irish relations. Like Hitler's last territorial demands, it was to be "the final healing of the painful breach." We were promised a co-operative Eire which, it was hoped, would stand by us in the event of war. The result, as we know, was neutrality, a German Embassy in Dublin, and the loss of naval bases that cost the lives of thousands of British and Allied seamen. We do not want another disastrous bargain on the much larger scale of Northern Ireland.

Finally, what of Eire's place in a general scheme of Western Defence? She is a Western European nation and is not unconscious of the responsibilities of her position. Did not thousands of her citizens join in the Allied war effort? We had far better base Western strategy on the co-operation Eire is freely prepared to give rather than on a doubtful bargain, not far removed from blackmail, that a subsequent Government might repudiate.

L. J. CADBURY

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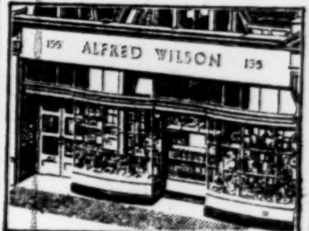

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## INDONESIA

SIR,—I agree heartily that Dr. Hatta and his colleagues were not Japanese quislings yesterday and will not be Dutch quislings to-day. There is plenty of evidence to show, however, that they prefer to orient their policy towards the U.S.A.

Last June the Indonesian Office in the U.S.A. announced that the Republic had made an agreement with an American Corporation to carry on all government overseas trade. "The whole purpose of the Corporation" read the statement, "was to stimulate American participation in Indonesian development." Unofficial sources said that the Corporation would have a fifteen-year monopoly and that the first orders placed in the U.S.A. totalled $500 millions. This was followed by the announcement that the American firm of Meyer & Brown had come to an agreement with private Indonesian traders to purchase 45,000 tons of pepper.

In order, possibly, to dispel any doubts that might exist in the State Department, Mr. John Coast, British adviser to the Indonesian Foreign Office, recently told a press conference in Singapore that the upsurge of Communism was due to the United States indifference to the fate of the Republic.

At present the Republican Minister for Finance, Dr. Maramis, is in the United States negotiating a dollar loan. As a security he is offering the large stock-piles of raw material that exist in Republican territory.

If Dr. Hatta has his way, the wild oats of the Republic will have been sown and, like the Philippines and Japan, Indonesia will safely be included among the "Western" countries. This will be good news for those who have investments in, or who wish to invest capital in, Republican territory. GORDON STEWART

## COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—Many of us are conscious, with Lancelot Hogben, of the urgent need for "a world-challenging policy of Colonial reform." Though we could not subscribe to some of his rather excited rhetorical statements, we do agree that the policies so far followed, have not, perhaps, kept pace with the psychological requirements of the world situation as it has developed in the last three years. But it is quite unfair to put the blame on individuals—the British people as a whole still "regard Colonial policy as a subsidiary issue" and that is where the fault lies. It would be a great pity if Professor Hogben stopped short at eloquent denunciations of "little men with little minds and little courage." Why does he not help us by outlining what he would consider some of the features of the challenging new policy should be, and explain how this country can provide the finance, the material and the specialised manpower, and by what means the Colonial peoples should be associated in the plans? What, if he were made Colonial Secretary to-morrow, would *he* do? RITA HINDEN

Fabian Colonial Bureau,
11 Dartmouth Street,
London, S.W.1.

## THE POETRY OF MISS BOWES-LYON

SIR,—My attention has been called to a review, in your issue of September 11th, of the collected poems of Miss Lilian Bowes-Lyon. I feel I cannot let this pass without protest.

I am not, and never have been, a feminist. I dislike most of the verse written by women. But, although I cannot speak about the poems of Miss Cruickshank, since I have not read them yet, I cannot but think that your reviewer, Mr. Giles Romilly, is unnecessarily discourteous to her, in the same review as that in which he is even more discourteous to Miss Bowes-Lyon.

Miss Bowes-Lyon is a poet of a most true distinction, a high and absolute integrity of truth and feeling. Her poems are beautifully shaped. Many are of a most exquisite and luminous beauty.

Mr. Romilly speaks of this poetry as if it were of no account. He is utterly wrong, as every poet would tell him.

I would like to think that Mr. Romilly did not know the circumstances under which these poems were written. But those circumstances are very generally known, and make many of the phrases used by him, in describing these noble-minded poems, most shocking—indeed, indecent and horrifying. Those phrases have, believe me, raised great indignation among Miss Bowes-Lyon's fellow poets, and among the general public. EDITH SITWELL

[Mr. Romilly writes: "I do not know what to say about Miss Sitwell's letter. For she seems in it to confuse the question of her judgment on Miss Bowes-Lyon's poems with that of the 'circumstances' under which they were written. It would hardly be possible for me to argue about the first point here: I read and re-read the poems with great care, as I do always, and gave a fair account of my own feeling about them. As to the second point, although there was some reference in a preface by Mr. Cecil Day-Lewis to 'circumstances,' yet it was as obscure to me as Miss Sitwell's is. I did not know what these circumstances were. Such phrases as 'wan mask' in my criticism, perhaps among those which Miss Sitwell considers 'indecent and horrifying,' referred exclusively to my feeling about the poetry and to nothing else whatsoever. But Miss Sitwell might agree that it is more the mark of respect and honest dealing to approach all poetry with a dispassionate critical eye rather than to make allowances and tamper with judgment for any other, non-critical reason. I certainly do think that it is. But I would be very sorry indeed to think that I had caused Miss Bowes-Lyon unnecessary pain, in any personal sense. I hope she will accept my assurance that nothing of that sort was intended, nor indeed could be."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## CRITICISM

SIR,—I fully sympathise with Mr. Patrick Heron, struggling earnestly with his critical dilemma, for it was just such a dilemma in which I found myself some three years ago and which led me to abandon regular critical writing. But Mr. Heron, in the same article, writes of my small exhibition and refers rather irrelevantly to something he describes as my *denunciation of modern thought*. This nicely undefined statement came as a surprise to me. I had not realised that this was what I had been doing, nor am I clear what the phrase *modern thought* means to Mr. Heron. My own recollection of my critical writings is that they were couched chiefly in terms of praise, and quite frequently in terms of praise for the work of Mr. Graham Sutherland and certain younger contemporary British painters who have subsequently risen to qualify for Mr. Heron's own critical admiration. It is true that more recently, other than in voicing my admiration for Rouault and Chagall, I have concentrated such occasional writing as I do upon earlier masters. Can it be that since I once levelled my popgun at that great bastion, it is to Picasso that Mr. Heron refers when he speaks of my *denunciation*, and can it be that to Mr. Heron Picasso and *modern thought* are identical?

On the whole it seems to me that both thought and painting are best left without such adjectives as *modern* for surely these things are primarily concerned with values other than that of being up-to-date. But if to denounce modern thought is to say that no artist alive has the stature of Masaccio then I am delighted to voice this as my view and thus give Mr. Heron better grounds for his assertions than hitherto. MICHAEL AYRTON

## U TIN TUT

SIR,—In your note on U Tin Tut you say that he was an Oxford Rugger Blue. As he was an undergraduate of Queens' College, Cambridge, I think your statement is probably incorrect. C. S. D. MOORE.

The Rectory,
Wicken, Bucks.

[In this case probability amounts to certainty. We regrettably confused the Queens.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

HE memoirs of famous politicians usually make ll reading for anyone outside the narrow circle f their professional colleagues. Composed as apologia, they lack both the self-revelation hich is the charm of autobiography and the etachment of good journalism. No one, for stance, turns up his copy of Lloyd George's emoirs to re-read a memorable passage. As erature they are dead, surviving only as a ocument for the professional historian.

*The Gathering Storm** however will become a assic of British literature. Winston Churchill as always a creative writer in his own right. ut previously one could say that his books were by-product of his actions and treat them as a emarkable achievement for a man whose real reatness lay outside literature. In his memoirs f the First World War and its aftermath, he ometimes lapsed into declamatory passages hich sounded as though they had been rolled ff his palate to a stenographer before he turned o the real business of the day. Rhetoric in cold rint arouses the reader's suspicion that its flow s being used to conceal truth rather than reveal it.

In this, the first volume of *The Second World War*, Churchill has purged away these defects. Freed from the rococo flourishes, the style now ompletely fits the man. The man of letters urveys in tranquillity—though not without artisanship—the actions of the statesman and ransforms them into literature. *The Gathering Storm* has the rotundity of an old brandy, miraculously combined with a tang of Kentish hops. It is at once lapidary and informal, possessing an Augustan gravity together with the pugnacious humour of Daniel Defoe:

> Thus then, on the night of the 10th May, at the outset of the mighty battle, I acquired the chief power in the State, which henceforth I wielded in ever growing measure for five years and three months of world war, at the end of which time all our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs.
>
> During these last crowded hours of the political crisis my pulse had not quickened at any moment. I took it all as it came. But I cannot conceal from the reader of this truthful account that as I went to bed at about 3 a.m. I was conscious of a profound relief. At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with destiny. . . .

When we recall that this was written by a man of nearly 80 during a tumultuous post-war period while leading the Opposition in Parliament and indulging his taste for painting and good company, we must stand amazed. Is there another instance in British history of a statesman who wrote his own enduring monument in prose as stirring and intensely personal as the actions it describes? If so, I do not know it.

As in his earlier memoirs, Churchill tells the story of his own career, against a spacious—if arbitrarily selected—background of world history. This volume—after a brief prelude—takes us from the day in 1922 when Stanley Baldwin entered No. 10 to the night in May 1940 when Winston Churchill knew that he was at last Prime Minister and, "although impatient for the morning slept soundly and had no need of cheering dreams." These eighteen years were, in his own words, the "locust years," and in sketching their history he has spared no one, least of all his own side. No Socialist could have compiled such an indictment of the Conservative Party, as this. Lord Templewood and Lord Simon are singled out for special castigation—in contrast with Neville Chamberlain. For him, Churchill finally achieved a feeling of affection and even respect, very different from his attitude to Baldwin, whose indolent knack of "getting away with it" and technique of party management aroused at once his envy and dismay. Only for Anthony Eden does he show a real tenderness, telling how the night of his resignation was the only one when sleep would not come for fear and foreboding.

From his independent position during those years, he could afford to be judicial. He gives the Peace Ballot its proper significance—it was not a plebiscite for pacifism and so an excuse for Baldwin—and he describes fairly enough the battle for rearmament waged inside the Labour Party by Bevin and Dalton, which finally resulted in the grand inter-Party alliance of all those who supported the policy of Arms and the Covenant. When it came to Cabinet-making, he knew who were the real Municheers, and the grand alliance became the basis of the wartime Coalition.

What is new in these pages is the revelation of the role which Churchill was able to play in organizing our defences even when he was still in opposition. As early as 1935 he became a member of the vital Air Defence Committee, and, while reserving freedom of criticism, took an active part in the development of radar. Throughout the 1930's, moreover, he was permitted access to secret Foreign Office and Service information, on which he was able to base his devastating attacks on Chamberlain. Only a man of his brand of patriotic integrity—which he combines with a streak of sheer political irresponsibility in domestic affairs—could have played this dual role, without either pulling his punches in debate or using the information unfairly. That he did so is a tribute to the unique elasticity of our parliamentary tradition which leaves room for individuals despite the party machine.

When he comes to describe the phoney war, the perspective changes. Everything is now seen in terms of naval strategy. The new Secretary of State felt at home in the Admiralty:

> Nothing had been said about when I should formally receive my Office from the King, and in fact I did not kiss hands till the fifth. But the opening hours of war may be vital with navies. I therefore sent word to the Admiralty that I would take charge forthwith and arrive at 6 o'clock. On this the Board were kind enough to signal to the Fleet, "Winston is back." So it was that I came again to the room I had quitted in pain and sorrow almost exactly a quarter of a century before. . . . A few feet behind me, as I sat in my old chair, was the wooden map-case I had had fixed in 1911, and inside it still remained the chart of the North Sea on which each day, in order to focus attention on the supreme objective, I had made the Naval Intelligence Branch record the movements and dispositions of the German High Seas Fleet.

But to direct the war from the Admiralty, among a tangle of co-ordinating committees and conflicting ministerial ambitions was frustrating. Churchill's description of the Norwegian campaign is chiefly important for showing that the real indictment for the fiasco was that no one was to blame. For the Cabinet structure which now enables Sir Stafford Cripps to enforce his planning, we have to thank the Leader of the Opposition. Churchill saw that Government by committee is incompatible in the modern State with an effective leadership—and drew the consequences immediately he became Prime Minister.

What is the picture which emerges from these pages? Churchill is not a complex character; that is one reason why he enjoys not only life, but responsibility, so much. There are no half-tones in his view of the world: the colours are few, the shadows fall sharp. People are either good—those who love Britain and will fight for her—or bad, those who let Britain down. As for foreigners apart from Americans, they earn respect if they stand up for their own countries, even if one must condemn them on other counts. Political systems are not absolute. Parliamentary democracy is the life-blood of Britain, but not of India. The first requisites of civilisation are justice and order; and freedom must grow within their traditional framework. Finally, Communism is a malignant cancer which destroys both order and freedom.

Because his vision is undisturbed by doubts and subtleties, the panorama which Churchill paints has both form and grandeur. He writes history not in the modern scientific way, but as Macaulay and Julius Caesar wrote it, with all the passion of a participant in great affairs. Fortunately for us, the simplicity of his Conservatism, which prevents him from understanding and describing the revolution in which we are living, gave him a strength and firmness of purpose in 1940 which the more modern minds of Halifax or Lloyd George could not achieve. Their doubts and indecisions and inner defeatism were based on an uneasy perception of half-truths: his constancy on a Nelsonian blindness to half the truth. Measuring Hitler by the standards of an 18th-century Whig, he saw only that he was a patriotic German, determined to upset the balance of power on which British security rested. Completely misunderstanding Stalin as a latter-day Peter the Great, he grasped only the permanent features of Russian foreign policy. He saw that it was potent reasons of state which drove her both into the League of Nations and into the invasion of Finland; and throughout 1939 and 1940, he recognised Stalin as a potential ally against Germany despite all the appearances which confused men of much wider understanding. So the light poured from his light-house unwaveringly upon the murky storm. It illuminated only a narrow segment, but *The Gathering Storm* is the record of how its limited but steady ray saved one ship from destruction.

On two notable occasions, however, the beam did waver. The first was the Hoare-Laval Pact. The principles of European balance taught Churchill that it was necessary to keep on good terms with Laval and prevent an Italo-German alliance; his knowledge of war that an Italian victory in Abyssinia was inevitable unless the British Navy barred the sea routes to Suez.

> Looking back, I think I ought to have come home. I might have brought an element of decision and combination to the anti-Government gatherings which would have ended the Baldwin regime. Perhaps a Government under Sir Austen Chamberlain might have been established at this moment. On the other hand, my friends said "Better stay away." . . . I yielded to the impression that I could do no good, and stayed on at Barcelona daubing canvases in the sunshine.

Here, for once, the simplicity lacks candour. The truth surely is that Churchill could hardly lead the clamour against the plan of his friend Sir Robert Vansittart, for preserving Anglo-French relations. Yet he could not publicly support Hoare without weakening his campaign for Arms and the Covenant. So he did nothing.

The second occasion on which his counsel failed was the Spanish Civil War.

> In this quarrel I was neutral. Naturally I was not in favour of the Communists. How could I be, when if I had been a Spaniard they would have murdered me and my family and friends?

It is probably no accident that he failed to use his influence for the overthrow of either Mussolini or Franco. A Parliamentarian at home, he has a *penchant* among foreigners for strong men and martial races, and he too easily believes that patriotic leaders have the right to trample on Liberals and Socialists and washy internationalists. The Right for him means strength: the Left weakness and indecision, which destroys order and so paves the way for Communism. He is anti-Socialist not because he disagrees with the Labour Party's social aims, about which he scarcely troubles to inform himself, but because he feels that there is no half-way house between his national brand of power politics and those of the totalitarians. Social democracy—the civiliser of political and economic power, and the leveller of social inequalities—is incompatible with the "greatness" which he prizes in himself and others. So he rejects it contemptuously, and is genuinely surprised when it rejects him.

In a post-war Britain, therefore, where the retreat from the imperial glories of India and the choice of a middle way is the only chance of survival, he is tragically out of place; and his policies threaten the foundations of our freedom. But if ever the middle way is destroyed or destroys itself, he may "walk with destiny" once again. Let us hope that Providence decides to preserve him in enforced ease to complete this literary masterpiece.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN.

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*The Gathering Storm : The Second World War, Vol.* 1. By Winston S. Churchill. *Cassell.* 25s.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

**T. S. Eliot.** A Symposium. Compiled by RICHARD MARCH and TAMBIMUTTU. *Poetry, London.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Wolf! Wolf!" will be one irresistible and ribald response to the news that Mr. Eliot celebrated his sixtieth birthday on September 26th. One among many responses, it goes without the need of this book to say it, but how can we forget that he grew old thirty-three years ago in mournful repetition, or that a few years later he was successively "an old man, a dull head among windy spaces," and "an old man with wrinkled days." Later again one recalls that an aged eagle refused to stretch its wings. Yet those powerful and irridescent wings have been unfurled many times since then, and we have watched that superannuated bird soar to higher and higher reaches of the upper air. It must seem to us now that this recurring surrender to old age was a screen which this ageless poet erected to conceal his youthful, his almost gluttonous poetical appetites. His method of dealing with "the waste, sad time" was to surrender to it so completely that the enemy was baffled, and withdrew. Wholly and willingly the creature of time in his youth, he is able, in this late middle age, to make the most damaging attack on it which we have witnessed since the appearance of *Le Temps Retrouvé*. Here is the curious spectacle of a man who is inoculated against time and age.

But we are not so inoculated ourselves, and for us this sixtieth birthday is an occasion in a time which is not, alas, eternally present. And so we celebrate an event which for him should have no meaning. At least it has been celebrated with a proper flourish, for this symposium is both an ambitious and a successful enterprise. As is natural, our appetite is stronger for news of the man, for with the poet we have already established our own kind of intimacy. We are guilty, if there is any guilt in it, of that same simple curiosity which drives so many to inquire into the daily lives of royalty or film stars, a desire, perhaps, to establish an easier form of communication than the one which has been previously offered to us. In fact, we are eager for gossip about Mr. Eliot, for news of his conversation and appearance, his habits and his mannerisms. "How pleasant to know Mr. Eliot" is the title of Mr. Clive Bell's opening essay, an agreeable riposte to the poet's disclaimer and a title which is fully justified by this light, anecdotal and irreverent introduction. Desmond Hawkins, Conrad Aiken, F. V. Morley, Nevill Coghill and others also provide pleasing and more or less revealing reminiscences. But Wyndham Lewis, whose vivid recollections of Eliot in Paris we already know, is the only contributor boldly to bring the skeleton out of the cupboard and set it in the place of honour on the right-hand side of the eagle. Of his two friends he writes that "one . . . is confined in a criminal asylum in America, but the other is among us here, a rarely honoured member of his profession, dwelling in the bland atmosphere of general approbation." But it is not mere quixotic pugnacity which leads Mr. Lewis to resurrect so importunately the memory of Ezra Pound. Fifteen years ago—how short is memory!—Pound and Eliot were normally mentioned in a single breath, and Eliot himself has warmly and unceasingly paid tribute to the help which was given him by his swashbuckling companion in arms. It is a strange and displeasing fact that Mr. Lewis is almost the only contributor to this book who so much as mentions the important, desecrated name of Eliot's most valued associate. Indeed, there is some general falsity of emphasis in this symposium. The urbanity of Mr. Eliot, his modesty, his wisdom, his kindness—to all these qualities lavish and proper tribute is paid. But these, though one cannot doubt that they were always present, are pre-eminently the qualities of the established and venerated master. Yet it was not until the first production of *Murder in the Cathedral* that Eliot was accorded anything but abuse and ridicule by the wider reading public. For twenty-five years he was a literary outlaw, unread by the pundits, unheard of by the public, and during that long period he was a critic of violent views, waspishly repressed, an iconoclast and very consciously a rebel. That he wore city clothes and worked in a bank is a piece of interesting subsidiary information which is dwelt on rather too lovingly in this symposium. Far more important and more obvious is the fact that it was only the young and a small group of their lively elders who extolled Eliot's poetry with a passion. For this reason those who are now in young middle age have a particular and a poignant contribution to make to Mr. Eliot's birthday book. William Empson, James Reeves, Louis MacNeice and Norman Nicholson write of the impact made on them by Eliot's poetry when they were at school or university round and about the year 1930. It is hard for a member of this generation to shake off the conviction that this was both the best time and the best age at which to confront that overwhelming poetry for the first time. "What mattered," writes Mr. Nicholson, "was that suddenly everything in our world had its meaning. The corrupt, calamitous, comic age . . . was suddenly seen to have a significance in itself. The modern world came into focus for the first time." The danger of that early passion—at Oxford a friend and I would quote the whole small green volume by heart—is that we may have become fixed there, at that relatively early stage of Eliot's progress. We follow him to *Little Gidding* with admiration, even with excitement, but it is hard to avoid a nostalgia which he would certainly not wish us to feel. "Eliot," writes Mr. Reeves, "has put the Waste Land far behind him and trudged with difficulty and with infinite pain, out into a region where the dry cellars infested by rats, the grimy town streets and the cactus-land are only disturbing memories. But to me these memories remain more intense, more real and therefore more poetic, and paradoxically more fertile than the rose-garden and the later landscape. Perhaps this feeling is sentimental, perhaps perverse, but certainly the only possible one for me." Sentimental or perverse, the responsibility for this feeling lies squarely with Mr. Eliot himself. He should not have moved us so deeply then if he hoped to carry us so much further now.

And now, indeed, the scene has changed. There are tributes here from India and America, from Germany (Herr Curtius is not unjustly sour at Eliot's recent expulsion of Goethe from Europe), from France, Italy and Greece. There are admirers of every age and many professions. It is clear from this book that Mr. Eliot has become, in the last ten or twelve years, the most powerful poetical influence in Europe. His modest verse (he has published about as many words of verse as are contained in *Endymion* and *Hyperion* together) fertilises two continents and has sown fruitful seeds in China and India. No living writer's influence was more deserved or could be more beneficial. PHILIP TOYNBEE

## NEW NOVELS

**The Sudden Guest.** By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGF. *Macmillan.* 9*s.*
**The Cross Purposes.** By ANTOON COOLEN. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
**The Sky is Red.** By GIUSEPPE BERTO. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**Irene.** By RONALD MARSH. *Chatto and Windus.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
**Champion Road.** By FRANK TILSLEY. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**Master Mariner.** By LEO WALMSLEY. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
**The Perracotts.** By DEREK CLIFFORD. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

All the works but three in this list are by new writers; all but two are by writers new to this country; for my taste the performances of the two "old favourites," Frank Tilsley and Leo Walmsley, seem a trifle stale beside the promise of the new turns. Take Christopher La Farge's *The Sudden Guest*, for instance. Here is an American writer who has very nearly created a small masterpiece. He fails not for want of talent but for architectural reasons, a fundamental fault of design, such as brought the tower of Fonthill crashing down.

The central figure is an elderly spinster, Miss Leckton, comfortably off, domineering, selfish and horrible—in short, such a spinster as only Anglo-Saxon Protestant society can easily beget. In a Latin Catholic country she would have been popped into a nunnery long since. But as she lives on the coast of Rhode Island, with most of the family money in her hands, she is free to make her relatives' lives a misery and to grapple periodically with hurricanes.

This is the season of hurricanes. One of them has just swept across the Everglades of Florida. Occasionally, late in September, they stray as far north as New England. They do so twice in Miss Leckton's experience—in 1938 and again in 1944; and just as the air-raid warning is often almost as terrifying as the raid itself, so the hurricane warning puts you on edge in this book long before the storm itself hits the coast.

As she prepares for the 1944 hurricane, Miss Leckton recalls the exasperating events that attended the earlier one. That is the basic structure of the book—a technique of flash-back and flash-forward again. And here Mr. La Farge has made his big mistake. The flash-back to be successful must involve an obvious change of characters or of circumstance, otherwise a disastrous confusion results. If Miss Leckton weathers a hurricane in her house during 1944, the 1938 flashback must show her, let's say, under a drizzle in Outer Mongolia: or at least young and in mutton-chop sleeves. 1938 and 1944 are too close together not to become hopelessly entangled; it is hardly enough that in 1938 the house was full of servants and refugees, while in 1944 Miss Leckton has no visitors and only "daily help." Life in New England had obviously changed so imperceptibly during the intervening six years that one has often the greatest difficulty in determining which hurricane Mr. La Farge is writing about.

He has, in short, attempted a task which would baffle, I believe, the technical powers of even so cunning a novelist as Mr. Graham Greene. If Mr. La Farge fails, his failure is at least more satisfying than a hundred novels of faultless mediocrity. For here is a writer of quite unusual power, observation, subtlety. In fact, *The Sudden Guest* is one of the most subtle books I have read for a long time; it would be memorable if for nothing else than the skill with which it persuades us to believe in the extraordinary beauty of Maude Carver and in Miss Leckton's sudden guilty passion for her.

Antoon Coolen is apparently well known in Holland. *The Cross Purposes* is the first of his books to be Englished. It treats of a village inn, "The Cross Purposes," in the southern province of Limburg, and of the queer fish who frequent it—a *Grand Hotel* technique brought to a state of anarchy bordering upon chaos. Not that this author has allowed his team of themes to run away with him. On the contrary, he knows just what he is up to; and the anarchy, bewildering at first, justifies itself, I think, in the end; it certainly affords great freedom of manoeuvre for attacking the army of eccentrics who appear to form the entire population of Mr. Coolen's village.

The Limburgers are Catholics hardly distinguishable from their Flemish brothers south of the frontier; indeed, in the early days of Belgium's independence, the province sent deputies to Brussels. But to the violence and crankiness that lurks beneath the usual Flemish stolidity, they add the foibles and the melancholy of a religious minority; this mixture of violence and stolidity, of tragedy and extravagance pervades Mr. Coolen's persuasive pages. Once or twice one might, it is true, be tempted to think he overes it; the story of Thijs Rooyakkers, for in-nce, who rapes a small child and then in morse attempts to castrate himself. But, having ed in Flanders myself, having seen a hundred amples of the fierce insanity which so often rks behind the Netherlandish phlegm, I can lieve in *The Cross Purposes.* I would indeed delighted to go there for a glass of schnapps, d even to linger there for an hour or so. The ol vaulted cellars, the admirable cleanliness, the tics of Jan Jakob the postman, and of that pless voluptuary Mr. Gerard, must fascinate yone with an affection for the Low Countries. t I would not want to settle down in Mr. olen's world.

*The Sky is Red* in the original Italian has ready been reviewed in these pages, and warmly aised by no less an authority than the Marchesa rigo. Indeed, she has gone so far as to call "the best book about the war, I think, that s yet appeared in any language." It is a first vel written while Giuseppe Berto was a isoner-of-war in Texas. Perhaps something s been lost in translation, yet, with all defer-ce to the Marchesa Origo's authority, this ory of children living in the ruins of a small alian town during 1943-44 strikes me as suffer-g from the distance that separates the State Texas from the Province of Treviso. In fact, espite its many virtues, it is rather like Holly-ood's conception of an air-raid, as in "Mrs. Minniver," or of the Berlin ruins, as in "A oreign Affair." One instinctively criticises it in rms of cinema, since, with almost all the novels nder review this week, it is impregnated with inema traditions. By this standard, it is good for istribution through one of the major circuits. But ow much more masterfully does Rossellini do is sort of thing!

Cinema, again—or rather cinema and the Abbé révost, inform *Irene*, a first novel by Ronald Marsh. It is not easy to believe in the enchant-ents of the barmaid Irene or in the poor bank lerk's fatal passion for her. But somehow Mr. Marsh, in his slightly fumbling way, does almost ersuade us. His modest success is due in art to the fundamental excellence of *Manon Lescaut*, even when stranded in a South Coast oliday town. Consciously or not, Mr. Marsh as followed the pattern of this classic fairly lose, even in Irene's death at sea. I am glad o see that the conception of the fatal heroine is ot yet buried.

"Mr. Tilsley's writing," a most distinguished riter has said, "is always contemporary." After attempting to digest the 692 pages of *Champion Road,* I still do not know what this phrase means. There is, I believe, a tradition that books about the North Country should be long and detailed. Into his chronicle of that repulsive jerry-builder, Jonathan Briggs, Mr. Tilsley has certainly crowded as much detail, safely mouse-coloured for the most part, as Ruskin ever urged a young painter to put on to his canvas; and the result, far from being "contemporary," for all its cynicism and a good pinch of adultery, seems better suited to a Ruskinian than to a modern digestion.

The cover of Mr. Walmsley's *Master Mariner* is executed in the uncompromising colours of a hoarding advertisement. An equal vigour and impatience of subtlety inspire this story, also laid in the North, a fishing village this time. Here the characters are almost too good to be true. The drunk turned religious, his atheist baiter, the love affair of their children, and the young man reported missing over Germany—we can see the final conciliation a mile away. Why shouldn't Mr. Rank make a film of it? It could do nobody much harm.

Mr. Derek Clifford's *The Perracotts* is another first novel. It deals with five sisters who go out from a Yorkshire castle to find the world. Its first chapters promise a certain charm; thereafter the five streams seep away into a Gobi of their own, and little remains save one handsome mixed metaphor on page 81: ". . . This atmosphere . . . was to Mary a delightful kaleidoscope of sensations that keyed up her mind to a pitch of intense excitement." SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

## BATH

**The Georgian Buildings of Bath.** By WALTER ISON. *Faber. 52s. 6d.*

Mr. Ison and Messrs. Faber and Faber have together produced a beautiful book which should be of lasting value. Unlike so many modern architectural publications which are slapped together from easily available literary sources, and illustrated by hackneyed photographs, this one embodies an impressive amount of original research and is magnificently illustrated with plans, measured drawings and genuinely informative photographs. It should be said that the illustrations to an architectural book provide the purchaser with an almost infallible test of value which can easily be carried out in the bookshop without, as they say, incurring any obligation: if its photographs are not supplemented by plans and measured drawings it is not a serious book, and not worth buying unless as a gift for an unloved one. The camera lies habitually and unthinkingly, and with every modern improvement its dishonesty grows; in the old days, when "the man" put his head under a black cloth and there was a long concertina of aromatic leather between the lens and the plate, distortions were not too bad, but the up-to-date camera with its two to four inches from lens to plate or film produces something almost useless so far as architectural information is concerned—except in those rare cases when the photograph can be taken square on from a distance of about two hundred yards from the building. Mr. Ison having a grip on the heart of the matter relies on his excellent plans and measured drawings to do the real work and keeps the photographs in their proper place, as a supplement following the index. He is concerned even there, however, to make sure that nobody is taken in by the superficial attraction of the things, and interleaves them with a sufficient number of prints and elevational drawings to keep the reader on his guard—a notable example of his care in this matter being provided in plates 30 and 31, where two human images of the Guildhall are placed in contrast with the glass and chemical view; here, as everywhere else, one learns again how superior the fallible human instrument is to the infallible mechanical one which claims to cut out all the hard work. This question of illustrations may seem to be a side issue, but it is an important one since architecture makes its effects through the eye, and the beginner, and even the serious student, is bound to begin considering a building from the immediate visual impression it creates. The measured elevational drawing is an analysis of this attack, if one may call it so, on the observer's senses, and the plan normally shows the logic of the line of attack chosen. The photograph, or the perspective drawing, merely suggests questions about buildings which would occur to anyone going to see them, while the elevations, plans and sections provide the answers. For instance (though it has nothing in particular to do with Bath) the rejection of Bernini's designs for the Louvre is a bewildering mystery just until a sight of the plans and sections makes it clear that there was nothing in their favour but the attack of the external façades, and that the internal arrangements were without any logic at all. The accommodation was unrelated to the elaborate social machinery it was intended to house, which is to say that Bernini had not bothered to study the problem he had been asked to solve. Perhaps

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LONGMANS

this accounts for the extraordinary secrecy with which he conducted his drawing office in Paris, perhaps not; but at any rate, as soon as the French architects spotted the idiotic section of the attic story the game was up and the façades were revealed for the splendid blarney they were. It is easy enough to moon about Bath as one can moon over Bernini's drawings, with a warm glow of admiration and a dumb regret that the secret of that sort of thing is lost, but that does not get one very far, and is a species of mourning rather than a creative activity. Mr. Ison's study of Bath is creative since it provides the full understanding which can only be stimulating: it is all there, the conditions under which the architects worked, the problems they were set, the solutions they achieved and architectural means of expression they used.

Perhaps the most interesting and encouraging aspect of the study from the general reader's point of view is its destruction of the Bath myth—that recently put in a concise form by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell—"Bath is the pattern of an age of order, and of a spiritual state in which it was quite impossible for the horrors of our time to happen." Mr. Ison's examination of the business background shows clearly enough that the patrons on whom the Bath architects were dependent for their opportunities were as tough and grasping a set of speculators as ever made money out of real estate, and that men like the Woods were up against sharp practice, bad faith and ward heeling politics at every turn in their careers. The elder Wood was indeed the contemporary of Hogarth, whose vision of the age of order in the Harlot's and Rake's Progresses is familiar enough; and his son died in 1781, just as Rowlandson was setting to serious work to express his marvellous vision of the contrast between the sunlit lyrical world of human desires and the brutality of human acts. The particular triumph of the architects of Bath is that they were building in plain sight of Gin Lane, overcoming their circumstances and making a pattern of order out of the normal human confusion and disorder in spite of their time. We are apt to think that all would go well for us, in the arts and in other fields, if all conflicts and frustrations could be removed, if we could escape the characteristics of our period, if we could recover the secret of some lost Christian or Humanist ethos. It is as well to be reminded from time to time by such accurate studies of the legacy of the past as this that the secret has never been known, that the creative artists of the past were no better off than we are, and possessed nothing of which we have not got a secure hold. We are, in a sense, far better off, since we inherit their strivings, fumblings, and uncertainties as achievements and enduring monuments. Bath was produced by no specially privileged demi-gods, but by inhabitants of chaos like ourselves, and there is no reason why, with their example before us, we should not go on to make even lovelier citadels of order and decency.

ANTHONY WEST

## PLATO PLAIN

**The Republic of Plato.** A version in simplified English. By DR. I. A. RICHARDS. *Kegan Paul 8s. 6d.*

"Thus presented, Plato's work becomes not merely a scholar's preserve, but a prime text for world citizenship." Reading this pronouncement on the dust-jacket of Dr. Richards' digest of the *Republic* for busy world citizens, I recalled a sentence from another Cambridge twentieth-century platonist, E. M. Forster. Two students are sitting in a meadow near Cambridge discussing the "great world": "Where is it?" one of them asks, "How do you set about finding it? How long does it take to get there? What does it think? What does it do? What does it want? Oblige me with specimens of its art and literature." There is no such thing as the great world, Forster's philosopher continues, "The little earth is full of tiny societies, and Cambridge is one of them . . . The good societies say 'I tell you this because I am Cambridge.' The bad ones say, 'I tell you this because I am the great world . . . They lie.'"

Dr. Richards has moved a long way away from the tiny society whether of Cambridge or of Athens. But he is a prophet in his way, and has merely faced the—possibly disastrous—implications of the fact that the more people there are using a language, the more abstract that language must become. Words must become more and more like ideograms, detached from local connotations and associations with a particular landscape, and way of making such things as beds and tables. His attitude to language is, in this sense, platonic. In his present simplified English, as in the more austere Basic, tables and beds levitate into the realm of ideas. The result is a shadowless style, inhuman but pleasing, as a Ben Nicholson abstract is pleasing, by reason of the intelligence and mastery with which the thing is done. Dr. Richards has trained himself for years in clear thinking a the stripping of words to their abstract essenc His streamlined language certainly makes Linds or Jowett seem ragged in comparison.

This abridgement of Plato is for Cambrid (Mass) rather than for Cambridge proper. was prepared and published in America, and D Richards uses some specifically American expres sions. For literate English readers the extensi cuts, designed to bring out the argument, wi seem to exclude too many overtones, not only o the original Greek, but also of Plato in Englis literature. I myself missed, for example—simpl because I happened to have Blake in mind at th time—the full account of Socrates' play with th contrast of Reason and Desire that certainly in- fluenced Blake profoundly. There must be som such association with almost every page of th *Republic,* that is very largely lost by abridgemen For American readers, on the other hand, D Richards' influence can be only good. Nothin is so diffuse, heavy, and meaningless as the hig style of American political pronouncemen philosophising, and abstract writing in genera Dr. Richards' clarity is at the opposite extrem from this inflated and flabby style. The cut moreover, do serve to bring out the argumen and reduce the boredom of the book by severa hours. Dr. Richards was a philosopher befor he was a professor of English, and Socrates' dia- lectic is safe in his hands. But is it out of respec for poetry, or the reverse, that the discussion o what poets shall and shall not be allowed t write, is cut to a minimum? Or does D Richards feel that, in a text for the world-citizen- ship he has in mind, a discussion so much mor in the spirit of Moscow than of New York and London, is best passed over as briefly as pos- sible? In the same way the discussion of per- missible and impermissible musical modes has been cut, although, in the native country of jaz and swing, it is very much to the point.

Dr. Richards gives some pleasing examples o the lingo of the kind of translation that we have as he puts it, to decode at sight. From Davie and Vaughan, for example:

> "Shall you have any answer to make to tha objection, my clever friend?"
>
> "It is not very easy to find one at a moment' notice; but I shall apply to you, and I do so now to state what the arguments on our side are, and to expound them for us."

This becomes, very simply:

> "What's your answer to that?"
>
> "I haven't one right now. What *are* we able to answer?"

*Dr. Samuel Johnson*
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a text of the *Republic*, subtlety may have been rificed for the sake of simplicity. But as a dbook of clear thinking and clear statement American readers—and there is an America England also—nothing could be better.

KATHLEEN RAINE

## HEARSAY

**glish Folk Heroes.** By CHRISTINA HOLE. *Batsford.* 10s. 6d.

Folk memory must surely grow out of that ch more fashionable thing, the collective conscious. It is fluid and changeable, yet has a sistence and a tendency to recurrent themes t suggest such deep roots. Members of a rate society have to make a great effort to gine the process by which traditional lore kept alive, being transmitted by voice alone n region to region and generation to generation. although occasionally versions might be orded by a chronicler, normally these were ries that no one had seen in writing, but had membered from childhood or the talk and ertainments of winter evenings, and so had ne to accept as part of the ordinary fabric of . In a world for which truth was a matter of viction more often than of proof, there was no ficulty in accepting on an equal footing figures ging from the devil himself to such substantial racters as Hereward the Wake or St. Thomas of nterbury. Degrees of fantasy, symbolism and t slid easily into one another.

With the printing of books and maps the flow tradition was caught and fixed, the stories were itten down in set forms while the names of adoc, Arthur, Robin Hood and the rest were emnly attached by cartographers to hills, llows, natural and artificial features all over the ntry. Just as books, in stabilising the tales, revealed their inconsistencies, so the maps owed how untravelled people had everywhere osen local sites for the exploits of national oes.

When the credentials of these characters were time subjected to scientific scrutiny, they met ying fates. For example, King Arthur has ently been re-instated as an important historical ure, while a flesh and blood Robin Hood, lawed Earl of Huntingdon, has dwindled to ignificance in face of his evident status as a ay-Day personage, a Green Man. Miss Hole ls a story that delightfully illustrates the power the ancient convictions over more intellectual croachments. In a sermon delivered before ward VI, Latimer describes with a mixture of personal and moral indignation how he had presented himself at a certain church to preach, only to find the door locked and every soul in the parish out celebrating Robin Hood's Day. He concludes " that the realm hath been ill-provided for . . . to prefer Robin Hood to God's word."

Miss Hole rambles easily through the legends both of mythical heroes and of those men and women who in life possessed the elusive quality —it is not virtue or intelligence or courage— that appeals to the heart and imagination of a people. Her choice of subjects is generally happy, although it is surprising that she has omitted Guy of Warwick, a far stronger candidate than Henry VI or the various Anglo-Saxon kings and martyrs who have been awarded places. It would have been useful if an attempt had been made to see whether the heroes of the English have any distinguishing characteristics, indeed such a comparative inquiry might even be of value to students of international misunderstanding. In this connection it is interesting to be reminded that, in the early Middle Ages, nationalism as we know it was so little developed that in St. George the English were glad to choose as their patron saint a Roman soldier believed to be a native of Cappadocia.

It is unlikely that the line of folk heroes will be added to in our time with any of the traditional embroidery of legend. Imagination, though not falsehood, is now too readily exposed. We have the ideal recruit living among us today, yet the Ordnance Survey maps of the next century will not bear such names as Churchill's Quoit or Winston's Tump, nor will our great-great-grandchildren be told that the V-Man is not dead but sleeping below the nearest hill.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

## LIVELY GHOSTS

**Imaginary Conversations.** Edited and with an introduction by Rayner Heppenstall. *Secker and Warburg.* 10s. 6d.

This book reprints eight imaginary conversations originally commissioned for broadcasting by Mr. Rayner Heppenstall. However diverse may be the use which the seven distinguished contributors have made of the form, one feature all the dialogues have in common: the æsthetic pleasure which they arouse is derived from a comprehension of the oblique suggestion, a recognition of the tacit comment, which passes from author to listener. This is an intimate kind of pleasure; for, while the novelist has to create an intimacy, the writer of the imaginary conversation can assume it, for, at the very beginning, he is able to take so much for granted. Once he has established the character of Aristotle, Milton or Ophelia, then he has at his command a series of historical or literary associations capable of being set in motion by the slightest phrase. That more or less cloudy image which we have in our minds becomes, in a few moments of reading, vivid and accurate and, as the dialogue proceeds, curiosity is titillated, imagination gratified, and our understanding of history or literature extended. *Theologians* are obviously perfect material. Read Landor's *Melancthon and Calvin* and also a brilliant piece in this book by Mr. Senán O'Faoláin called *The Train to Banbury*. This is the record of a chance meeting between Newman and Kingsley, a *scène à faire* that history never brought off. The crux of their discussion is Newman's idea, which his opponent never really grasps, that, in a single individual, natural and supernatural virtues may be at a discord, that the beggar woman " not over-scrupulous of truth " may have a better chance of heaven than the well-behaved, state " pattern-man."

The imaginary conversation, which depends as much upon character and personal wisdom as upon the statement of ideas, is well suited to such discussions. Mr. Michael Innes involves Dr. Johnson in one with Lord Monboddo, a speculative thinker, who deals a hard blow at the doctor's individualism by postulating a vital *continuum* of being through which " strange intelligences may pass from one mind to another in independence of space, nay, in independence too, of time! " Johnson is pushed to the edge of his rational experience. He resorts, characteristically, to empiricism and intolerance.

Miss C. V. Wedgwood, in *Dr. Evelyn at Windsor Castle*, aims with great success at a piece of real historical reconstruction. She takes as the germ of her conversation an entry in Evelyn's diary which tells of a visit he made in 1670 to Windsor where " Prince Rupert, the Constable, had begun to trim up the keep or high round, and handsomely adorned his hall with furniture of arms . . ." She re-creates through an accumulation of authentic detail the less obvious side of the general's character, and reveals the multiplicity and intensity of his interests.

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they are exploited by Mr. V. S. Pritchett in *The Gambler,* a conversation in 1867 between Dostoevski and Turgenev on the character and destiny of Russia. The contrast of personality here is between a subjective and an objective writer, between a man who has actually had the experience of awaiting death in the condemned cell and one who visited a prison in the company of some journalists to witness an execution. Dostoevski believes in the mission of the suffering Russia, "which can alone redeem the world," while Turgenev, deeply cynical, sees the country he disowns as a gregarious, uncultivated community waiting to be subdued by the first man to brandish a big stick.

The complementary presence of two fiercely held but completely opposed attitudes, this time co-existing within the character of a single individual, is the point of Miss Rose Macaulay's sketch of Milton, *Champion of Freedom.* The author of *Areopagitica* and advocate of universal freedom of expression is shown, at the age of forty-three, as chief Licenser of printed books and pamphlets upholding an act of political censorship with vehement prejudice. Realistic seventeenth-century dialogue is courageously attempted by the author.

Two of the conversations, *Ophelia* and *Thieves of Mercy,* were written for a special week of programmes in honour of Shakespeare's birthday. They may both be taken as imaginative and original answers to two problems of interpretation in *Hamlet*—the problem of what gives Hamlet his sudden unwavering resolve when he returns from the abortive expedition to England, and that of what exactly is happening in Ophelia's mind before her madness and suicide. Mr. G. W. Stonier revealing, more fully than Shakespeare, Ophelia's fears and doubts at the end of the play, presents a terrifying extension of one's conception of this character; while Mr. Herbert Read shows Hamlet engaged in an "existential" discussion of freedom and remorse with the captain of the pirate ship, a character similar to the political chief Hoerderer in *Crime Passionel.* Mr. Read also contributes to this collection a philosophical discussion of the relationship between form and content in painting coming partly from the mouth of Aristotle while observing a portrait of his mother.

To Mr. Rayner Heppenstall one must indeed be grateful for urging these conversations into being. He discusses the development of appropriate radio *genres* in an introductory essay; the relevance of the producer's short note which precedes each dialogue is, however, more difficult to justify. The knowledge that "Evelyn could have listened to the dog on head-phones," or that "This took to the air like a bird, largely because the cast was dead right," can, I feel, be of little interest to the majority of readers, who will approach these imaginary conversations, in their printed form, not as radio material, but as literature.

ANTHONY CURTIS

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SYMPHONY. Beethoven: *Sixth* ("Pastoral") (LPO/Kleiber. K1824-8). This issue may well fill the discophile with irritation. If he does not already possess the Toscanini set for its fire, or the Walter for its woodwind poetry, he will surely have acquired the De Sabata for its all-round excellence. A fourth set, however good, is at present otiose. As we should expect, Erich Kleiber, who is a conductor of wide and profound attainments, secures a beautifully even, stylish and symmetrical performance. The detail is most carefully drawn. But the orchestral playing is markedly inferior to that in any of the afore-mentioned sets, and the recording is only good average, with some overloading in the tutti.

CONCERTOS. The Medtner Society Vol II: Third Piano Concerto, (Medtner/Philharmonia/Dobrowen), also *First Improvisation* (Medtner) and *Sonata-Vocalise* (Margaret Ritchie/Medtner. 7 H.M.V. DB records); Beethoven: *Romance in F major,* op. 50 (Gioconda de Vito/Philharmonia/Dobrowen. DB 6727); Tchaikovsky: *Variations on a Rococo Theme* for Cello and Orch., op. 33 (Pierre Tortelier/ Orch./ Del Mar. C3776-7); Bruch. *Kol Nidrei,* for Cello and Orch. (Piatigorsky/Philadelphia/Ormandy. LX1095). Medtner's Third Concerto is not, I think, quite up to the level of the Second. Sub-titled "Ballade," its outlines are somewhat confused, and the material, though often strikingly beautiful, is uneven and seems overworked. I speak tentatively, since clearly this is a work which needs very close acquaintance—and would no doubt repay it. The *Improvisation* is a set of charming and brilliant variations. The *Sonata-Vocalise,* one of the composer's happiest pieces, is preceded by a setting of the poem by Goethe which inspired it. "Geweihter Platz" describes the nocturnal dancing and singing of nymphs and graces in a woodland scene. Miss Ritchie's singing of this sprightly and engaging (but rather lengthy) vocalisation is most accomplished. In all three works the performance and recording are as admirable as in Vol. I. As a concert piece, Beethoven's *Romance in F* is something less than effective; regarded as the slow movement of a sonata it is more satisfactory. Gioconda de Vito's rich, grave tone does all that can be done for a not particularly movin piece. A very well made record. Tchaikovsky' *Variations* provide Pierre Tortelier with an excellen gramophone début in this country. A pleasantl written, melodious, entertaining work, it puts th cellist through his paces, an ordeal from which h emerges with flying colours. The recording is un exceptionable and replaces the Decca set. Bruch' *Kol Nidrei* is a beautiful, quiet piece. I have not ha the opportunity to consult a score, but I suspect thi version of being slightly cut. Piatigorsky gives a fe rendering, tactfully supported and the recording i good, if a little dry.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL. Beethoven: *Coriola Overture* (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB6625) Mendelssohn: *Hebrides Overture* (Hallé/Barbirolli C3770); Wagner: *Lohengrin—Prelude Act I* (Zuric Tonhalle/Knappertsbusch. K1707); Debussy *Nocturne No. 1—Nuages* (Rome Augusteo/De Sabata DB6706); Johann Strauss: *Tales from the Vienn Woods* (Philharmonia/Krips. DX1503); Messager *Les Deux Pigeons*—Ballet Suite (Covent Garden Orch Rignold. C3778-9). The latest *Coriolan* is extremel well recorded, but the rhythm is, to say the least of i flaccid. A dull performance. I recommend readers t stick to the Walter version (DB3638), the recordin of which still sounds perfectly adquate. A new *Hebride* was badly needed, for the Beecham disc—wonderfu in its day—had begun to seem antique, and th fairly recent Decca issue was negligible. I am happ to be able to praise Mr. Barbirolli's version unequi vocally: this is the best performance he has give us since the Elgar *Introduction and Allegro,* and th recording backs him up. In its own, clear-shinin sphere, the Prelude to Act I of *Lohengrin* is without rival, and this new record is by far the best availabl The orchestral tone is like a steady beam of pure light the tempo is never hurried; the parts are perfectl welded. A most beautiful record. It is to be hope that Victor De Sabata has recorded all three o Debussy's *Nocturnes,* for *Nuages* is a lovely jo conducted with inimitable taste and a fine sense o the processional image which this piece is intended t evoke. I should have liked the Cor Anglais to stan out a little more: otherwise the recording is excellen A new issue of *Tales from the Vienna Woods,* complet with the long and fascinating introduction, is a recor for which many of us have been yearning. In thi version the introduction is somewhat shortene The tone in general might be sweeter; but th rhythm is astonishingly Viennese and the perform ance leaves little to be desired. Highly recommende —as likewise *Les Deux Pigeons,* which calls for (an gets) the same orchestral qualities: springines clarity, and a sense of the theatre. Don't be put o

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the empty, rumbustious overture. As a composer lessager had a charming gift, and this ballet is full of lightful tunes, tastefully scored and decorated la-Tchaikovsky. The recording is resonant and reeable.

Solo Piano and Chamber Music. Tippett: *cond String Quartet* (Zorian Quartet. K1925-7); loch: *Second String Quartet* (Griller Quartet. 1758-62); Bloch: *Nigun* (Olof/Moore. B9665); chubert: *Sonata in A major*, op. 120 (Albert Ferber. 1516-7); Brahms: *Violin Sonata in D minor*, op. 108 saac Stern/Alexander Zakin. LX8621-3); Chopin: *octurne in B major*, op. 32, No. 1, and *Waltz in A t major*, op. 34, No. 1 (Pouishnoff C3773). The o earnest and strenuous quartets which head this ction hold a rich reward for anyone who troubles study them intensively; and I shall not pretend t this task is not materially lightened by listening ore in hand. (Miniature scores are available). lichael Tippett's *Second Quartet* depends, in the st and thrid movements, more on metrical skill an on melodic charm; but the Andante and Finale are ll of the intellectual passion we associate, in modern nes, with the best work of Max Reger. The performance and recording are very fine indeed. Bloch's *cond Quartet* (written some thirty years after the st) is altogether a larger affair than the Tippett. fter several hearings I remain only partially convinced this tragic, lonely, but somehow attitudinising, usic. However, I should not dream of denying the chnical mastery with which the composer expresses nself in this work, nor yet the remote beauty of the ore tranquil movements. The quartet is curiously miniscent of César Franck, by reason not only of "cyclic" form, but of the peculiar brand of romaticism which pervades it and is responsible the emotional poignancy of the Passacaglia and pilogue. The Griller Quartet give a most vigorous, nsitive and filial performance, but the recording ves something to be desired. The work is full of rocious bowing, and there is a good deal of buzzing d distortion. The same composer's *Nigun* is in elf of no particular importance, but Theo Olof ys it with startling virtuosity. The violin tone is ry faithfully rendered and the balance is good. bert Ferber's performance of Schubert's Spring-e little sonata opens tentatively and is throughout mewhat lacking in spontaneity. He omits the peats in the first movement, and since this is (for hubert) unusually compressed, the effect is untunate. On the other hand, I do not wish to convey impression that this is a negligible issue. The nist's rendering is very much his own; his phrasing never careless nor his tone ugly, and he is extremely listically recorded. Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin do not lack vigour or usicianly feeling, or technique; but I suspect that this is an American recording. The violin tone is like sand-paper, the piano tubby. A recent issue of the sonata by the Menuhin siblings, though not irreproachable, is greatly preferable to this. Unfortunately for Mr. Pouishnoff, Chopin's *Waltz in A flat* op. 34, is already available (albeit as a fill-up) in a consummate version by Dinu Lipatti. Mr. Pouishnoff's performance is heavy, styleless, and emphatic. In the *Nocturne* these faults are slightly less apparent, but they are there. Despite a good recording, I cannot recommend this disc.

Vocal. Verdi: *Macbeth*—Sleep Walking Scene (act 4) and "La luce langue" (act 2) (Margherita Grandi / Ernest Frank / Vera Terry / RPO / Beecham. DB6739-10); Mozart: *Don Giovanni*—"Non mi dir" (Maria Cebotari/Vienna Phil. DB6738); Mozart: *Il re pastore*—"L'amerò, sarò costante" (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf/Vienna Phil./Krips. LX1096); Donizetti: *Don Pasquale*—"Cheti, cheti" (act 3) (Stabile/Lawrence/Orch/Erede. LX1094); Verdi: *Simon Boccanegra*—"Oh Heaven! in pity hear" (act 2), and Wagner: *Die Meistersinger*—Prize Song (James Johnston/Covent Garden Orch/Mudie. DX1506); Puccini: *Il Tabarro*—"Nulla! Silenzio" (Giovanni Inghilleri/Emma Tegani/Philharmonia/Erede. C3772); Schubert: *Frühlingstraum* (from *Die Winterreise*), and Brahms: *Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer* (Eugenia Zareska acc. John Wills. K1943); Brahms: *Wiegenlied*, and Grieg: *Ich liebe dich* (Anton Dermota acc. Newton. M620); Rachmaninoff: *To the Children*, and Peel: *In Summertime on Bredon* (Robert Irwin acc. Moore. B9673). It is a relief to be able at last to snatch a souvenir of one of the greatest operatic assumptions of our day—Margherita Grandi's tremendous Lady Macbeth. This record of the extraordinary and very beautiful *Sleep Walking Scene* has evidently been made with great care: the balance is excellent and there is plenty of air round the voice. Apart from a few unsteady notes, when she elects to press, Signora Grandi's delivery is magnificent. It is not often nowadays that we hear chest notes like these. Ernest Frank and Vera Terry, as the doctor and the lady-in-waiting, give unobtrusively efficient support. "La luce langue" is perhaps not quite so successful, but one is glad to have it. Mme Cebotari sings "Non mi dir" with feeling, but with such uncertain intonation that is it really impossible to derive much pleasure from her performance, admirably accompanied and recorded though it is. The *fioriture* at the end of the aria are dismayingly slipshod. No one could call Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's "L'amerò" slipshod: only the cadenza, perhaps, makes us regret Elisabeth Schumann's more serene delivery. Elsewhere in this heavenly aria, which breathes nostalgia for an ideal world, Miss Schwarzkopf sings in her best Pamina style—freshly, truly, with unforced tone and most touching expression. The recording balance is very good. The superbly humorous duet from *Don Pasquale* is chiefly welcome for Signor Stabile's famous characterisation, which comes through well. The balance is bad: the voices bark into one's ear, drowning the orchestra, which seems to be playing admirably—when one can hear it. The same fault mars (though in a lesser degree, and chiefly on side 1) the big scene between husband and wife in *Il Tabarro*. Signor Inghilleri sings in a suitably full-blooded manner, and his higher passages are very convincing; but I deprecate his vulgar habit of attacking so many notes *forte* and then dropping at once to *mezzo-piano*. This is rather a coarse record in every way, but how much more satisfying—more plausible—it seems than James Johnston's far cleaner and more ringing Verdi—and solely because Mr. Johnston is made to sing in English. Seldom has our language seemed to me more ludicrously inadequate to Italian opera than it does in the aria from *Simon Boccanegra*. A thrilling piece, however, and (from the point of view of singing) a good omen of the Sadlers Wells *première* of this superb opera, which London will be hearing for the first time! In Wagner the language is less of an obstacle and the singer gives a truly heroic account of the *Prize Song*. Recording very competent. Anton Dermota's consonants are not his strong point, but his tone and interpretation are remarkably pleasing. A well managed record. I cannot feel that Eugenia Zareska makes enough of the contrasted emotions of *Frühlingstraum*, and her *Immer leiser* is so evenly delivered that the climax is almost unfelt. In fact, as an interpreter of Lieder this very competent singer seems rather lacking in temperament; but her voice, although on the "white" side, is in itself extremely agreeable, and I can imagine that some people will

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### No. 973

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> He plays the virginals and spinet),
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Competitors are asked to inscribe an envelope similarly to any one of the following: Mr. Eliot, Mr. Tommy Handley, Mr. Bevin, Mrs. Roosevelt. Maximum 8 lines. Entries by October 19th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 969

**Set by V. S. Pritchett**

Ideological chess: Competitors are asked to re-christen the men, describe moves appropriate to them and the situations that would arise in the game. Length up to 200 words.

**Report by V. S. Pritchett**

The terms of this competition were, perhaps, too rigid and the length suggested too short. All the same there were very many heroic entries. They were nearly all political, nearly all about the Russian situation, but I found one or two religious and psycho-analytical versions. Some of the games merged into Halma or Draughts and one happily tortured conscience (R. B. Browning) sent in the rules for a game called Sinchess which is played on a vertical board, the pieces hanging on hooks while they wait to be moved up to heaven or down to hell.

In some games, the Reds began with more pieces because it was one of the rules that they must win. Secret removal of pieces was a common notion. The Veto, the Bourgeois, the proletariat (always pawns and so known as prolns, scum etc.), the Marshall (unable to leave his Red square) were other pieces.

It was very difficult to decide upon prizewinners: V. Rigby, H.L.F., Stanley Sharpless, L. E. Hanner, Kenneth Messere, L. G. Udall, were all in the running. I found myself unable to judge between J. R. Till, Ben Ellison, John Grant and J. Raymond Majer and have therefore divided the prize between them.

In Statespiel there are two sets namely red and white, the red set consisting of 16 pieces and the white 14 pieces, thus ensuring an invariable victory for red.

The front row contains equal pieces known as Masses and they are the powerful backbone of the side. A Mass moves forward one square at a time and can only be liquidated by the Commissar. If a Mass survives until the eighth square it, in turn, becomes a Commissar.

The back row has the following pieces—from left to right:—Peter, Yak, Bishop, Commissar, Czar, Bishop, Yak, Paul.

The Peter and Paul are powerful pieces which move along the straight lines and exert a fortress-like stability in the defence: they can only be liquidated by Masses. It should be mentioned that only the red side has the advantage of these two pieces.

The Yaks are the spearpoint of the attack and can move rapidly along the diagonals and possess the unique advantages of passing over intervening pieces.

Little need be said about the Bishop. It is an archaic piece retaining its original name and can move only one square at a time on the diagonal: it has no power of liquidation. In practice it will be found that the Bishop succumbs early in the game to the Commissar.

Obviously the most important piece on the board is the Commissar which moves freely in any direction. It has also, the ability of being able to liquidate a piece of its own colour, and this attribute is useful if such a piece becomes embarrassing to one's position or stands in the way of an attacking movement. A Commissar is not allowed to come within one square of its opposing number.

The Czar is a nominal piece whose function it is to be liquidated. It cannot move and is therefore unable to take any useful part in the game.

BEN ELLISON

*Face* (*King*). Must be saved at any price. Can be shifted in any direction but never cornered or even squared.

*Bang* (*Queen*). Face's most useful reserve ally. Immense range: can obliterate everything, unobstructed or otherwise, above board or beneath.

*Lingo or Propaganda* (*Rook or Castle*). Can operate vertically or horizontally. Although felted, causes more clatter than loaded men.

*Veto* (*Bishop*). No respecter of the Dollar Convention. Obstructs unilaterally and zig-zags into *Zugzwang*.

*Meteor* (*Knight*). Can leap over any enemy. Recognises no rules.

*Scum* (*Pawn*). Rapid strides in first move: afterwards less eager. Can never take initiative or retreat.

*The Curtain Gambit.* Furious fork applied by each side in different directions when Red Face provok White. Scum ignored.

*The Fadaiev Thrust.* Severe attack by Red Lin on cream of White Scum. Virtually hollow men lo for lost leaders in a veritable waste land.

*The perpetual Trulin.* Mutual attempts at seducti in middle of board. First move disputed. Scu isolated while Red Lingo seeks displacement of Whi Bang. Stalemate possible, but if bang is mistaken f Lingo the game is up.

J. R. TILL

*A Tito.* Changes sides at half time, moves rig and becomes isolated.

*A Veto.* A ubiquitous piece, which can mo immediately to any square where the enemy threate to make progress.

*An Airlift.* Can move over any number of inte vening men and cannot be checked.

*A Pollitt.* Performs only on red squares, and ca be moved into line by Red under pretext of sayi "*J'Adoube.*"

*A Moseley.* Attacks in van, but often has to mo on to avoid capture.

*A Fellow Traveller.* Moves always to the left, a can be exchanged for a Pollitt if it reaches the end the board without being checked *en passant*.

*A Baron.* Moves backwards; the power of th piece is rapidly diminishing in the opinion of o modern masters.

*A Coal Board.* Moves by files into the open space where it usually castles.

JOHN GRANT

The game is played with 32 pieces on a draft boar Each player has 8 prolns (Abbr. proletarian), Statesman (Queen), and Nation (King), 2 industri (castles), 2 bankers (bishops), and 2 bourgeois (knights

The proln moves in a zig-zag fashion, first to t left, then to the right. Upon it reaching the opposi end of the board the player calls "Election," a exchanges his proln for a New Statesman.

The Statesman is the most powerful piece, and capable of moving in all directions at once. When t player possesses 2 Statesman this is called a Coalitio

Bankers move only to the right, and Bourgeois, aft moving one square to the left always move two to t right.

The industries move in straight lines, and if the are no bankers or bourgeois between them a play may interchange the position of an industry with t Nation, at the same time calling "Nationalise."

When the Nation is menaced by an opposing pie the player calls "Revolt," and if the Nation cann move without a further Revolt the game is ende This is called Revolution.

If only two Nations are left on the board the game inconclusive and called a Peace.

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HOLIDAYS in Switzerland at Hotel Pension Maria, Sils-Maria, Engadin, 6½ miles from St. Moritz. Good fam. Hotel, exc. cuisine, h. & c. all rms. All incl. rates, summer S. Fr. 16 to 17.50, winter S. Fr. 17 to 18.50.

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THE Abbey Hotel, Battle, for holidays, week-ends. Small, informal, good food, fully licensed, special Christmas arrangements. Tel. 433.

LLANDDERFEL, Merionethshire. The Bryntirion Inn offers full board, 4½*gns.* weekly. Lovely scenery. (Trust House.)

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WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 University age; small classes; exceptio cultural and musical opportunities, self-gover ing community. Principals, Miss M. L. L M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

### Appointments Vacant

*None of the vacancies in these columns re- to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless or she is excepted from the provision of the trol of Engagement Order, 1947, or the ncy is for employment excepted from the visions of that Order.*

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite ap- plics. for situation of Principal (Adminis- ive Class) in the pensionable establishment the Home Civil Service on the scale (in nd.) of £950×£30—£1,100×£35—£1,250 n) and £830×£30—£1,075 (women). Ap- ants must have been born after Dec. 31, 7, and before Aug. 2, 1915. Duties of the inistrative Class are primarily to give ice on the formation of policy and the paration of legislation and to organise administer the work of Departments. standard of the previous Open Com- tion for Principals was the possession a degree with at least 2nd Class Hons., but didates in this competition, though they st be persons of high intellectual quality, l not be reqd. to hold a degree. The Com- sioners hope to secure a field of candidates o possess high academic qualifics. or show dence of exceptional ability and exp. in ponsible admin. or managerial work. They ticularly wish to obtain older candidates of d quality. They will select a certain num- of those candidates who appear to be most d for appointment and will summon them preliminary interview in London; they select from these a certain number for her interview by the Final Selection Board. Commissioners' decision in all matters will final. Number of vacancies to be filled will about 50. Candidates should write for an lic. form and memorandum to Secretary, urlington Gardens, London, W.1, marking envelope "Prin 2275," in the top left-hand ner. Completed applic. form must reach Commissioners before Oct. 31, 1948.

NIV. of London. Institute of Educ. and Institute of Child Health. Applics. invited post of Senior Lecturer to take up duties Jan. 1, 1949, on salary scale £750-£20- 000 with superann. and family allowances. ior Lecturer will be responsible for the rse in child care (organised jointly by the institutions), which is intended for persons are already qualified and expd. in some ects of the subject and who desire to under- e a broader study with view to taking up s of senior and supervisory character in field of child care, or concerned with train- of teachers in this sphere. Applicants should high qualifics. and wide exp. of physical psychological needs of children. Applics., duplicate, should be sent to Secy., Institute Education, Malet St. W.C.1, before Oct. 19.

APPLICS. invited from men and women for post in Central Office of Information as nomic and political editor. Good academic ics. in economics, sound journalistic exp. an appreciation of the requirements of pub- ions in Eastern Europe are reqd. Sal. scale: n £675-£800 p.a.; women £550-£675 p.a. itten applics., giving date of birth, full de- of qualifics. and exp., incl. dates, should addressed to London Appointments Officer, Tavistock Sq. London, W.C.1, quoting ref. Q. 455. Original refs. should not be for- ed. Ony candidates selected for interview e advised.

VICTORIA Univ. College, Wellington, New Zealand. Applics. invited from graduates a good Hons. Degree for position of turer in Philosophy, salary £625 p.a., ris- to £725 p.a. (max.). Applics. close with Universities Bureau of the British Em- e, 32 Woburn Sq. London, W.C.1, and the Registrar, Victoria Univ. College, Nov. 30, 1948. Forms of applic. and con- s of appointment obtained on applic. to eau or any of Universities in Australia or Colleges in New Zealand.

OBERT Gordon's Technical College, Aber- deen. Gray's School of Art. Head: Hugh Crawford, A.R.S.A. Applics. are invited for Senior Master in Sculpture. Sal. Scale ×£25—£800. Further partics. and Forms pplic. from A. C. West, Director, to whom pleted applics. to be returned by Oct. 23.

N International commodity promotion or- nisation invites applics. for post of Re- rch Assistant (female) at a commencing sal. £500 p.a. A University Degree or recognised ific. in Statistics is desirable, and an active intelligent interest in current affairs essen- Candidates should apply, giving details, the names of two refs. Box 5914.

YCHIATRIC Social Worker reqd. at Cane Hill Hospital (for nervous and mental dis- ers), Coulsdon, Surrey. Sal. scale £370× —£530 p.a. (lower scale may apply to didates not holding Mental Health Course ificate). Comm. sal. according to previous ce. Apply Secy., furnishing full informa- to qualifications.

ORTH Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. Medical Director's Deputy Chief rk reqd. Candidates must be over 26 years ge, must be expd. clerks, good shorthand- ts, capable of assisting with admin. duties pref. with knowl. of medical work, able to charge of whole office in absence of Medi- Director's Secretary. Sal. £384×£12— p.a. Superann.; subject to med. exam. s. to Medical Director immediately.

ORKERS' Educational Association Cen- al Office. Finance Clerk reqd. at Central to be responsible for accountancy and istrative work associated with finance. be competent accountant. Salary £450 to according to qualifics. Applics., giving of qualifics. and exp., to be submitted ng to General Secretary, W.E.A., 38a, orge's Drive, London, S.W.1, by Nov. 1.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

CITY of York. Applics. invited for post of Senior Mental Welfare Officer. Sal. and conditions of service according to National Joint Council's Scheme for Admin., Professional and Technical Services, Grade IV, i.e. £480 rising to £525 p.a. Good knowl. of Mental Deficiency Acts essential. Housing accomm. available for successful applicant. Applics. with copies of 2 testimonials to be submitted to Medical Officer of Health, 50 Bootham, York, forthwith.

ISLE of Wight County Council. Applics. invited for appointment of Boarding-out Officer from women who have had exp. in visiting and supervision of children boarded-out with foster-parents. Pref. given to applicants possessing Social Science Diploma or similar qualific. Sal. in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I (£390-£435) of National Scales. Applics., stating age, education, qualifics. and details of exp., with copy of 1 recent testimonial, together with the names of 2 persons to whom ref. may be made, to reach L. H. Baines, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Newport, Isle of Wight, by Oct. 23.

TRADE Union Research Dept. reqs. energetic and intelligent young assistant. Applicants should be interested in social studies and economics, and should possess some knowledge of the Trade Union and Labour Movement. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Sats. 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Salary £6 2*s.* 6*d.* per week at 21 years of age or over, rising to £7 2*s.* 6*d.* per week after three years' service. Write, giving age and partics., to 5818.

WANTED immediately, expd. bookseller to take charge of established book dept. in W. London Dept Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Commencing sal. according to exp., but not less than £330 p.a. Apply in first instance, giving full partics. of age, exp., etc., to Staff Manager, London Co-op. Socy., Ltd., 54 Maryland St. Stratford, E.15.

APPLICS. are invited for the post of research worker, for a preliminary period of one year, for a sociological survey sponsored by the London School of Economics and the British Social Hygiene Council. Sal. according to qualifics. Applics. to: The Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Tavistock House North, W.C.1.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Ltd., have vacancies for Secretaries and Juniors in their Dry Goods Buying Offices at 32 Bruton Street, W.1. Interesting work with scope and opportunities. Apply in writing to the Dry Goods Trades Manager at the above address.

INTERESTING job for the right person. Wanted: Assistant for Personal Travel Service; kndge. French & German, secretarial qualifics., foreign travel exp. Box 5998.

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HAMPSTEAD. Wanted for Jan., 1949, Art Master or Mistress, 4 or 5 aft. weekly, for ages 10-18. Recog. prog. ind., co-ed., school. King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11.

QUALIFIED (pref. Froebel Trained) Mistress required immediately or January for enlarged Kindergarten. Private Day School, Chelmsford. Full-time/morning only. Burnham scale. Apply, stating qualifics. Box 5956.

WANTED in September for Secretarial College, well educated and experienced teacher of Pitman's Shorthand. Box 4867.

LADY book-keeper reqd. Full book-keeping knowl. not essential. 5-day week. Apply Marksmith, 117 Middlesex St. E.1. Bis 2038.

### Appointments Wanted

YOUNG business man, expd. also teaching, bookselling, organising, Cambridge hons. grad., sks. interesting prog. responsible post. Will travel. Box 5265.

YOUNG man, efficient Secretary, wishes to leave private enterprise for post compatible socialist views. High shorthand-typing speeds. Linguistic qualifications Spanish and German, some knowledge French. Box 5372.

SECRETARY (married, no children), expd. accurate and rapid worker, desires afternoon post with busy business executive/other interesting work: pref. not purely secretarial, but where quick brain and assimilation can be made useful. Please write Box E571, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St. E.C.2.

EXPD. boys' school needlewoman seeks post school or hospital. Making-repairing, care linen. Able take charge workroom. Good refs. Box 5702.

TRAINING College lecturer and wife (S.R.N.) will give week-end help in any capacity to residential school or nursery, within 2 hours London. Box 5715.

ENGLISHWOMAN—diplomas, first-class: French (Sorbonne), spoken, written Russian (Ecole nationale Langues orientales, Paris), some Italian; expd. translator, précis-writer, publisher's reader: university, diplomatic, literary credentials—free autumn. Box 5726.

TYPIST, expd., reqs. Author's MSS. or other typing work. Free all day. Moderate charges. Write Miss K. West, 24 Pentland St. Wandsworth, S.W.18.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker, M.A., First Honours, Linguist, varied social work, lecturing, teaching, good cook, seeks work where daughter two years welcome. Time for own child. Box 5765.

TRANSLATOR (Germ., French, Dutch, Span.) incl. research & confer'ces., sks. post w. organ'tn. or firm. Box 5741.

EXPD. lady Secretary, shortly returning U.K., Bilingual English German, good French, seeks intg. apptmnt. commdg. ind. admin. Oct. 1. Willing go abroad. Box 5171.

### Appointments Wanted—continued

FOR Sale: Services of intelligent young Socialist. Ex-R.A.F., Ex-L.S.E. Good lecturer. Exp. service journalism. Int. films, American history and politics. Little experience but very willing. Box 5655.

ANY suggestions? Interesting and useful wk. wanted. Hons. grad., woman, 26, Sec. exp. (B.B.C., etc.), shthd./typ., wartime ambulance drvr. Gd. cook. Int. Soc. Service travelling (Y.H.A. variety), Music. Box 5672.

HONS. grad. Maths., woman (28), wishing leave Civil Service, reqs. progressive post, not necess. Maths. Box 5700.

OFFICER'S widow, aged 29, attractive personality and smart appearance, expd. in receptionist and clerical duties, reqs. similar post with professional man, to live in, with young son. Congenial home more important than salary. Apply Box 5986.

### Fellowships

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Pfeiffer Research Fellowship, tenable for three years from 1949, is offered for research in any branch of learning except Mathematics, Science and allied subjects. The Fellowship is of the value of £250 a year, with free residence, and is open to women graduates of any University. Further particulars from the Secretary, Girton College, Cambridge, to whom applics. should be sent by 15th January, 1949.

### Personal

SMALL progressive school, approved by Cty. authority and rapidly achieving recognition by educationists desperately reqs. investment or loan of £2,000. Withdrawal of shareholder for family reasons will force liquidation if help not forthcoming. Please save two years' expert effort. Refs. available from parents and psychologists. Box 5961.

RETIRED schoolmistress would like lady under 60 to share comfortable home at Withdean, Brighton. Own house, nr. downs, and sea. Every conv. Pleasant gdn. Box 5561.

MOTHER'S help wanted Nov. 1 to Dec. 20, help manage small house, 2 children 5½ & 2, taking entire charge fortnight during mother's absence having baby. Apply Harding, 45 Bowershott, Letchworth, Herts.

SWISS lady seeks board and lodging in English family in exchange for morning help in house. Central London pref. Box 5730.

EDUCATED woman secretary (29) wants pied-à-terre in London, poss. exchange for services during week-ends. Suggestions welcomed. BM/CSOF, W.C.1.

FRENCH girl, 18, gd. knowledge English, wishing perfect language, seeks post from Nov. tending children en famille, or teaching French, etc. Offers? Box 5739.

GENTLEMAN wishes to learn glass blowing Sat. morns. Lon. district. Technical and artistic. Class or private. Box 5749.

YOUNG Artist seeks tuition in commercial Art and Stage design, scope for practical exp. essential. Box 5755.

CAMBRIDGE Student wd. appreciate reasonable offer or loan of good piano. Price, Trinity College, Cambridge.

VIOLINIST wanted for amateur chamber music. Priest, 141 Cranston Rd., S.E.23.

COTTAGE nr. Crowborough, London 40 miles. Guest wanted, share expenses. Musician, writer pref. Lovely country. Bland, Duddleswell, Uckfield.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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